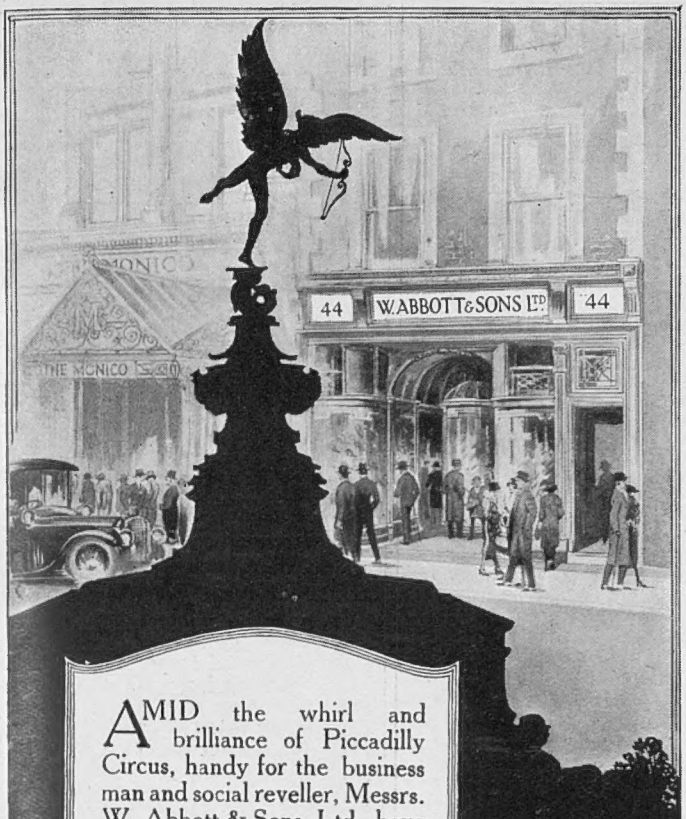

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"SEAL DYED CONEY"

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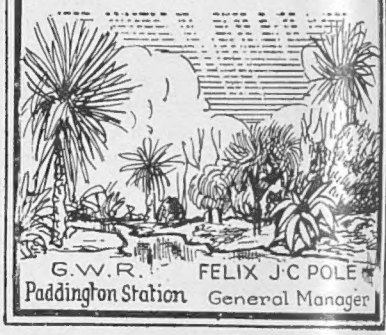

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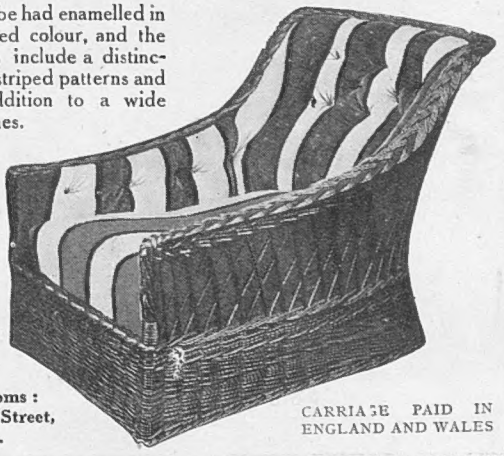

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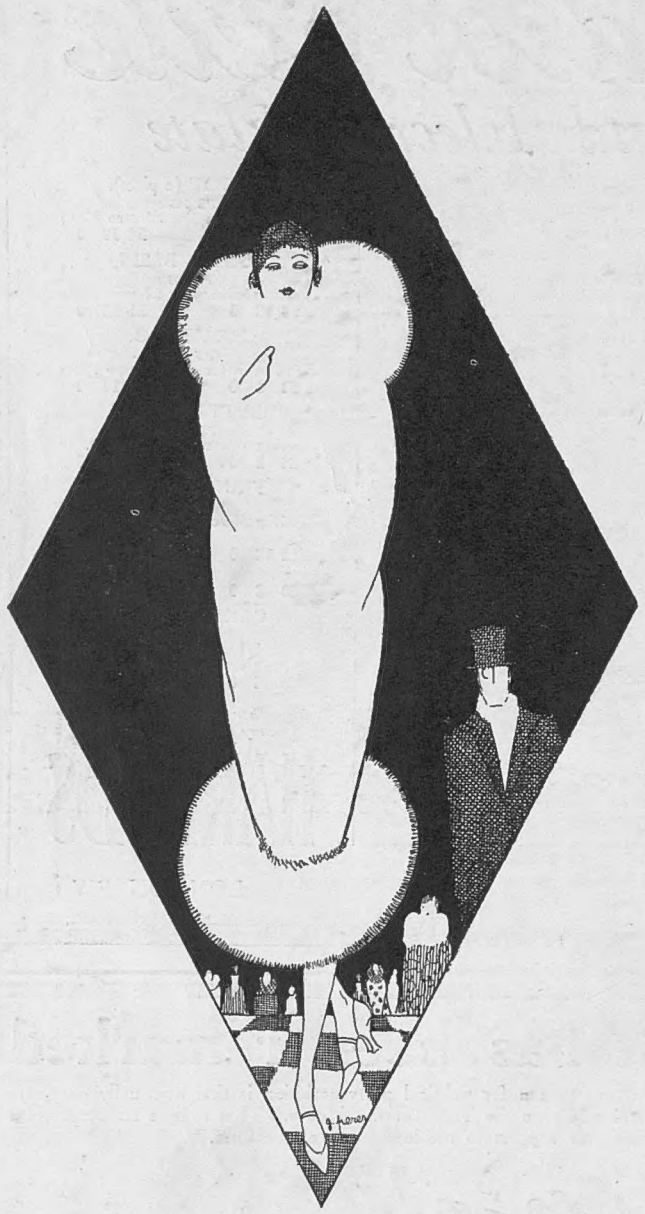

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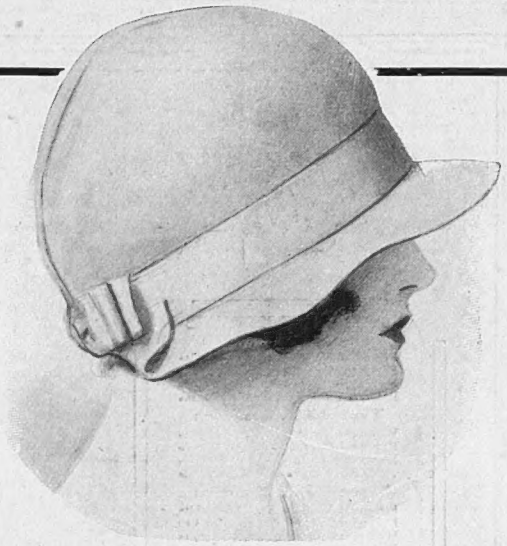

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of Knightsbridge.

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Stylish Saxony Tweed
Showerproof COATS
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These smart man-tailored coats of fine Wool Saxony Suiting in pleasant Grey or Fawn Check, with faint overcheck of contrasting colour, possess in every detail the hall-mark of the best West-end tailoring. They are perfect in every particular, right from the inside finish, the set of the revers, the buttonholes, and the smart line and drape of the entire garment.

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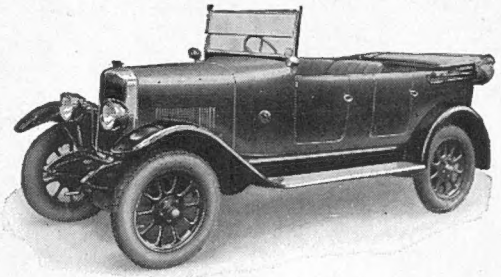

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In Shilling Tins from all chemists.
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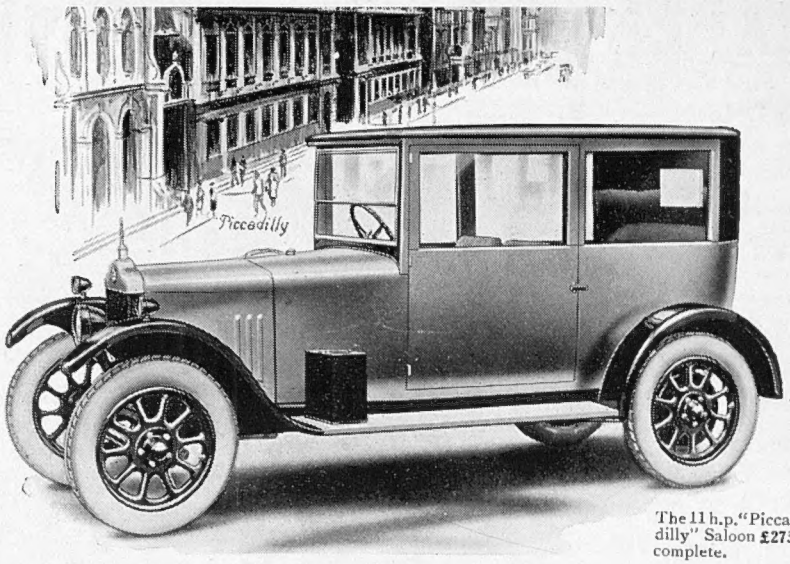

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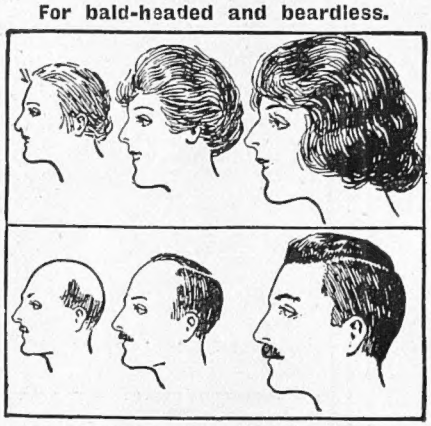
For bald-headed and beardless.



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THE COMOS - MAGAZINE Copenhagen V. Denmark 24

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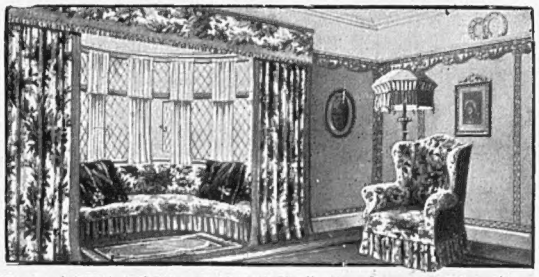

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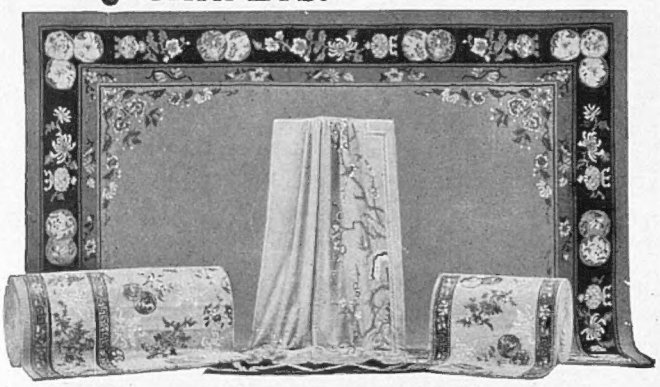

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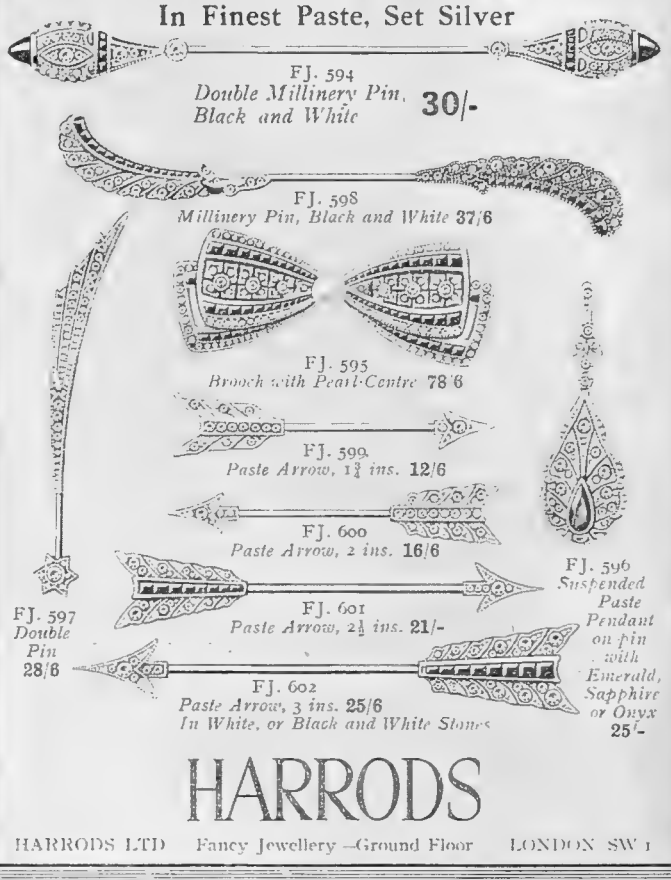

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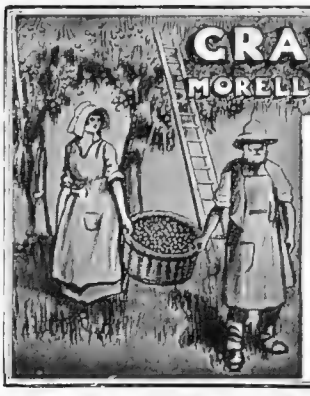

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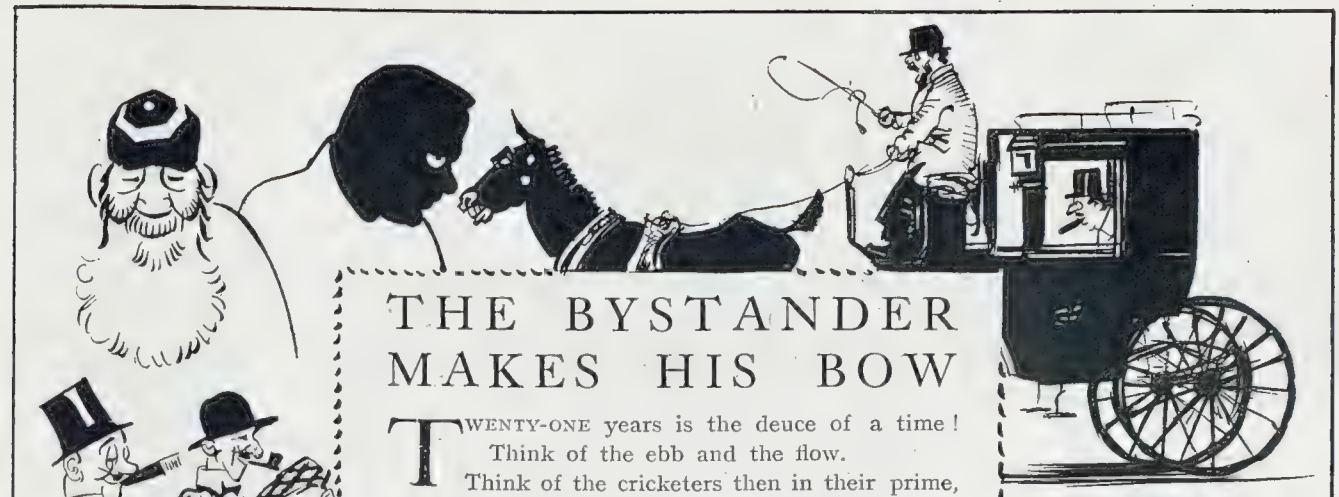


THE BYSTANDER MAKES HIS BOW

TWENTY-ONE years is the deuce of a time!
Think of the ebb and the flow.
Think of the cricketers then in their prime,
Ranji, MacLaren and Co.!
Add up a few of those orators too,
Rosebery, Chamberlain (Joe):
(For a few gentlemen took to politics then!)
Twenty-one years ago!

CABARETS had not begun to amuse;
Profiteers lay very low;
Men went to see Alexander and Tree;
Irving was Boss of the Show!
The d——d Income Tax didn't weigh down our backs;
A quid got a *quid pro quo*;
And the motoring blight only rarely got tight,
Twenty-one years ago!

STILL we go puddling and muddling along,
Trying to pay what we owe;
Still we've the sad, and the bad, and the mad;
Still we've the beggar and beau.
And still (as we're going remarkably strong),
Dear Reader, we'd have you know,
We are still at your service as then we were,
Twenty-one years ago!

FLAPPERS were not too deplorably pert;
Manners were still *comme il faut*;
Mah Jongg had not driven Ping-Pong to pot;
Bridge wasn't thought to be slow;
Chaps on the ranks took with adequate thanks
Tips that we cared to bestow;
And the whisky we drank wasn't nearly so rank,
Twenty-one years ago!

ALL of our Championship Cups hadn't gone
To Yanks or the Esquimaux;
Elderly "girls" hadn't shingled their curls;
Chaperones were not *de trop*;
Our heavy White Hopes were not knocked through the ropes
Ere they had given a blow;
And we didn't bow down to the Communist Clown,
Twenty-one years ago!

HARTLEY CARRICK

SKETCHES BY BLAM

Our Comments must not be commenced
(Or if you prefer it, "begun")
Without a short note—it's a justified gloat—
"At last we are twenty-one."

We're Twenty-One To-day

PAPERS differ from people in the matter of birthdays. The more birthdays a paper gets the better it is pleased, for there is no reason why it should not celebrate an infinity of such happy events. But with people it is different. We welcome birthdays up to a point, and then our enthusiasm begins to flag. For us, alas! there is no infinity, and so we concentrate on the few birthdays remaining to us rather than upon the many that are past.

Papers and People

BUT, when it comes to twenty-first birthdays, papers and people meet on common ground. Nobody minds a twenty-first birthday. After all, we've all got to reach years of discretion at some time or another, and a coming-of-age is quite a jolly affair. That is why we have tried to make the coming-of-age number of this BYSTANDER as jolly as we jolly well can. Most of the old favourites are here, and if I told you how long they have worked for us, I'm afraid they wouldn't thank me. Peace to their grey hairs!

I Get Giddy

WHAT a twenty-one years this has been, to be sure. I don't propose to bore you with a list of all the surprising things that have happened since that red-letter day on which we first surprised the world by bringing out the BYSTANDER. I started to look through the files, but before I had got through the second number I felt so giddy—so old, and yet so modern—that I had to dash off to Heppell's for one of those pink drinks that they dispense when you can't face a hair from the tail of the dog that bit you. I felt, in fact, like Rip Van Winkle or the old woman who went to market her eggs for to sell, and who, after falling asleep by the King's highway, woke up feeling all different!

A Funny Feeling

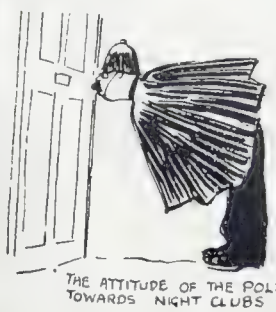
HAVE you ever tried projecting yourself into the past? You should! It's a funny feeling. When you think in terms of time, you feel grey hairs sprouting all over you, but when you consider the progress that you have known, you become one of the ultra-moderns with a pitying contempt for the old fossils who were the high-lights of civilisation twenty-one years ago. Still, those were good old days, and if the new Government can help us to re-capture but a glimmer of their glory, the tumult and the shouting will not have been in vain.

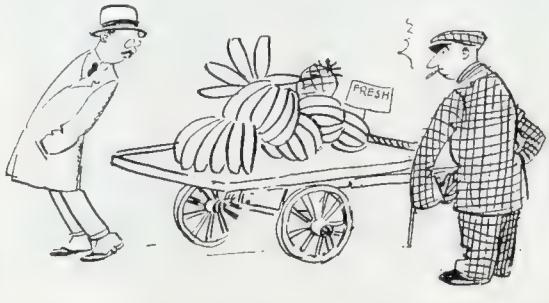
A Simple Soul!

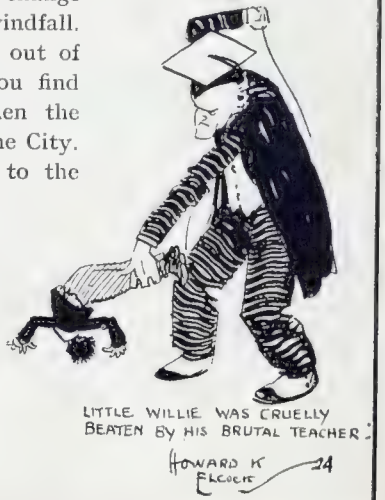
TALKING of the Government, how Stanley Baldwin must be smiling up his sleeve. So many people seem to have forgotten that a few months ago they were doubting if he had sufficient enterprise or intelligence to keep his pipe alight. I don't suppose any man living has had more good advice given him by kindly souls who were genuinely sorry for him—a sort of lamb on Wall Street—entirely innocent of the wiles and ways of the wicked world. And now, as I say, how Stanley must be smiling up his sleeve!

Money For Nothing

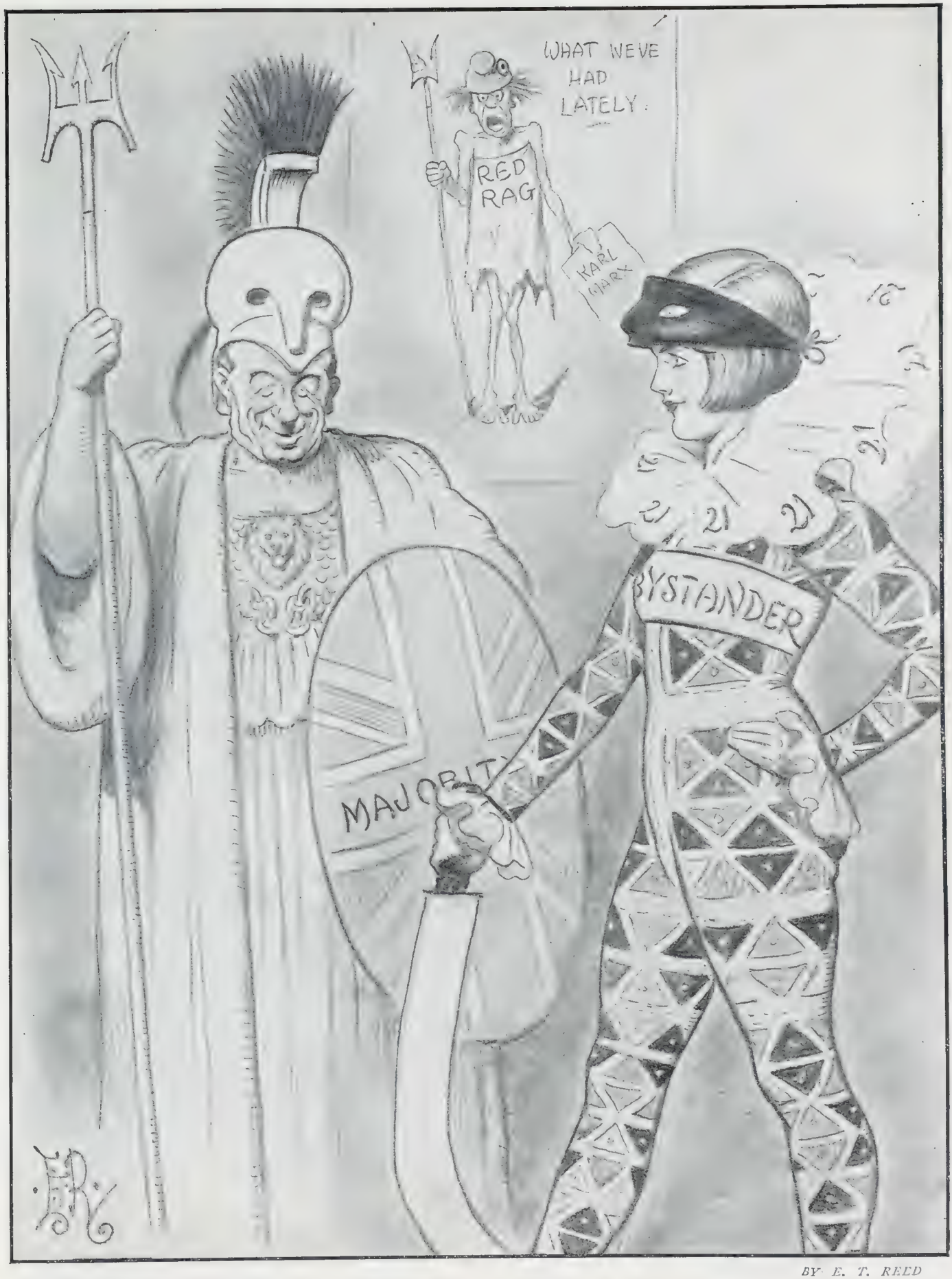
QUITE a lot of honest folk with small savings tucked away in industrial concerns are finding to their surprise that a change of Government may mean a nice little windfall. Indeed, the printers must be running out of those jolly little + designs which you find sprinkled about the Tape Prices when the markets are buoyant, as they say in the City. Little things like this make a walk to the







A New Britannia for Our 21st Birthday



BY E. T. REED

MISS BYSTANDER: "But how delightful, my dear Britannia. Very many happy 'returns' for you, too, I see"

polling booth worth while—a point worth remembering when the next Election comes along and the dear old middle-classes have sunk once more into that sound slumber from which the recent elections so rudely awakened them.

A Word For Winston

WINSTON CHURCHILL may be occasionally wrong, but he is frequently right. He was very much on the mark when he warned the country that the result of the poll wasn't such a facer for Socialism as lots of people seemed to think. Members of the late Government may be sick at losing their jobs, but I don't find the rank and file of the Labour Party wearing sackcloth and ashes. They fought against the most terrific odds, and although the battle was lost they retired in most excellent order—thoroughly prepared to render a very considerable account of themselves another day. I don't doubt that Mr. Baldwin has already placed that fact in his pipe.

Pity The Poor Peer

LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN is such a good friend to the stage that one regrets his poor success with his own plays. He has to contend with a certain prejudice against titled contributors to the literature of the stage. Pothouse peers are all very well, but playhouse peers—Oh, dear no! As somebody once said:

> Lord Howard! I have tried to read
> Your latest play, I have indeed.
> And though I cannot quite make out
> What in the world 'tis all about,
> I feel that you're a decent chap
> Labouring beneath Wealth's handicap.

So This Was Wembley

THE giant racer is closed, the witching waves are stilled, and there will soon be cobwebs in the Palace of Industry. It is all very depressing, but I have no doubt that bright brains are working overtime to ensure that the magic word "Wembley" shall not pass out of the language. Myself, I don't regret the passing of the big engines I can see in action at King's Cross, nor the frozen fruit I can see in the Strand, but the permanent closing of the Amusement Park would make my hot tears spurt all over my morning porridge. London needs a playground.

Our Drink Problem

THAT magistrate who suggested that the attitude of the police towards the night clubs did not approximate to the standard of morality demanded of Cæsar's wife, got rather badly rapped over the knuckles, but I feel he only lost his case on a very technical point. We laugh at the way in which Americans tackle their drink problem, but our own methods are equally hypocritical, and a deal more farcical. I am assured that running a small club on highly moral grounds, without the assistance of the police, is a very wearing business.

Sparing The Rod

LORD DARLING is as wise as he is witty, and his observations on the calling in of the law to arbitrate between an undergraduate and the authorities of his College were very much to the point. It is to be hoped that county magistrates, who are not unacquainted with the complaint that "little Willie was cruelly beaten by his brutal teacher," will be fortified by the remarks of this excellent Judge and suggest to the irate parent that little Willie probably deserved all that he got. Schoolboys always deserve more than they get and the more they get the better for them. Having got more than my share in the pre-BYSTANDER period, I speak with some authority on this painful subject.

BY BLAM

OUR COMING-OF-AGE CELEBRATIONS

The World and his Wife call to congratulate us

Wise Words

I WAS very intrigued by Lord Ashfield's suggestion that the universal use of the motor-car would provide the antidote for Bolshevism, by giving working people something to look forward to when the day's work was done. The great problem, according to the head of the UndergrounD, is not so much a question of improving working conditions—a matter which has a tendency to solve itself—but to afford working people opportunities for usefully and pleasantly occupying their eight hours of leisure. "If this is done, the other two eights out of the twenty-four will take care of themselves." Wise words!

A Fitting Film

A FEW weeks ago I expressed the hope that when Wembley closed, the dramatic rights of the Zeebrugge epic "direct from the Admiralty Theatre," would not be lost to the public. Now I see that the film of this glorious incident in our naval history is being shown at the Marble Arch Pavilion, starting, most fittingly, during this Armistice Week. With my usual modesty, I venture to hope that the inference is obvious. The King and Queen attended the opening performance on Monday, the entire proceeds of which have been given over to Earl Haig's Fund for the British Legion. Best news of all is that everything used in the construction of the film is as British as the story. So now, if I find a piece of chewing-gum parked on the arm of my *fauteuil* I shall be most annoyed.

The Distaff Side of the Man at the Wheel

Maull and Fox

Mrs Stanley Baldwin, wife of the new Prime Minister, and her daughter Betty, who once more find themselves at home at No. 10, Downing Street—with, we hope, an option on renewal!

Royalty's Part in The Busy Round

I. B.

AT NORWICH

Her Majesty the Queen and the Duchess of York at St. Andrews Hall, Norwich, during the Norfolk and Norwich Centenary Triennial Musical Festival. The Queen also visited the Norfolk Federation of Women's Institutes

Farringaon Photo Co.

AT WEMBLEY

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, back from his nearly-a-holiday trip to America, at the closing ceremony of the British Empire Exhibition. Behind the Prince are the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Stevenson and other Exhibition officials

Farringdon Photo Co.

BUILDING UP THEIR CONSTITUTIONS

Top-table personalities at the Constitutional Club dinner, given in honour of the successful Constitutional Group Members in the Election. Names: Lord Carson (left), Mr. Winston Churchill, Sir William Bull (who presided), Lord Birkenhead and the Duke of Westminster

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

WHO ever you be wish us joy
WHEN you open our number this morn,
AND admit we are still at the "top of the bill"—
WHERE we've been ever since we were born!

Maull & Fox

LADY HAMBLEDEN

Who is one of the Organising Committee of the big three days' Shopping Gala to be held at Peckham on November 24th-26th, in aid of King's College Hospital at Denmark Hill

The King at Elveden

Two years ago when the King paid his annual shooting visit to Lord Iveagh at Elveden, we were in the throes of a General Election. This week the King pays his visit after a General Election and with a new Ministry all settled and arranged—the third in two years!

Lord Iveagh has the best pheasant shooting in Norfolk. The King does not pay country house and shooting visits as King Edward did, but there are two visits he pays every year, one to the Duke of Devonshire at Bolton Abbey early in August for the opening of the grouse shooting, and the other in November to Lord Iveagh at Elveden for pheasant shooting.

There is an odd coincidence in years in Lord Iveagh's successive steps in the peerage. After being a baronet for six years he was made a baron. Fourteen years later he became a

Bassano

WITH ALL THE PANOPLY OF MARRIAGE STATE

Mr. C. F. S. Chichester and his Bride, Miss Pamela Peel, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Peel of 7 Lennox Gardens and a descendant of Sir Robert Peel, with their bridal retinue. The bridesmaids are: Miss Verena Chichester, Miss Joan Dorriman, Miss Audrey Kidston, Miss Juliet Peel, and Miss Mary Cockran. Pages: Master Peter Walker, Fred Fryer, Ronald Fryer and Colin Munro

viscount; and fourteen years after that he became an earl.

The Queen's Needlework Guild

EVERY year the first week in November sees the Queen busily employed at the Imperial Institute unpacking and arranging the year's work of her London Needlework Guild. Her dress covered with a white apron and armed with a business-like pair of scissors, Her Majesty superintends the undoing and unpacking of the great array of parcels and the allotment of their contents.

This year the number of garments sent in has beaten the record of all other years. All over the country there are hundreds of ladies who make garments for the Guild—they promise so many to the local vice-presidents, who in many cases are personal friends of the Queen. But Her Majesty herself, I understand, makes more than anybody. They are all sent to the Imperial Institute. The garments are of every shape and kind, from babies' socks to women's dresses. The better ones are picked out by the Queen for distribution amongst the families of poor London clergy; the others are divided amongst poor parishes.

This year there has been a change. The better garments—amongst them many knitted dresses—were divided between the families of poor London clergy, poor Irish ladies, and the widows of officers killed in the War. The last two were added by the Queen, another instance of Her Majesty's deep understanding of the difficulty and suffering the changed times have brought to so many women who, before the War and the Irish troubles, probably worked for the Guild themselves.

G. W. Day

STARTING YOUNG

The Countess of Dalkeith with her two children at the opening meet of the Buccleuch Hounds last week. The meet was held at Lord Dalkeith's seat at St. Bothwell's

Central News

BETWEEN THE RACES

Lord and Lady Haddington, plus quite a lot of autumn sunshine, at the United Border Hunt Steeplechases. The meeting, which was very well attended, was held on Kelso racecourse

Is It True?

WASN'T it an old Greek philosopher who said that Truth was to be found at the bottom of a well? Let that be as it may be, the question which interests me at the particular moment is, does Truth sometimes come from behind a barber's chair?

During a fragmentary part of the three hours when Mr. Baldwin was receiving political personages who might or might not figure in the list of Ministers, Secretaries, and Under-Secretaries, etc., etc., I paid a visit to my barber. I have been to him for years. Long ago we gave up any discussion of politics. If I had been a Minister of State in the days of Charles II, or, perhaps, as late as Queen Anne, I should have had him hanged for "treason." He was what once used to be called a "Radical." I thought him a revolutionary, although he always spoke with pride of powdering the heads of three dukes' footmen for the Coronation. But, bless you, his theories were gallons of water and one dash of milk in comparison with the theories of the Socialists to-day—they represent the old "Radicals."

To my surprise, whilst this "Radical" of other days was cutting my hair he announced high satisfaction at the return of the Conservatives. I told him it was the last thing I expected from him, whereupon he said:

"Oh, I'm always pleased when a Conservative Government's in. There's so much more trade in the West End." I said I couldn't see what difference the political colour of the Government could make to the West End.

"It's a funny thing, sir, and any West End tradesman will tell you the same, but when the Conservatives are in there always seems to be a lot more people about, and people spend more money, too!"

The barber has had many years' experience of Governments, so I take it that he knows what he is talking about.

IN CONFERENCE AT KELSO [*Central News*

Miss Graham (left), Miss Marjoribanks, Miss Trotter, Lady Edward Hay, Mr. Trotter, and Miss Maynard facing the vital problem of "what to back"—and the photographer—at the United Border Hunt Meeting

Central News

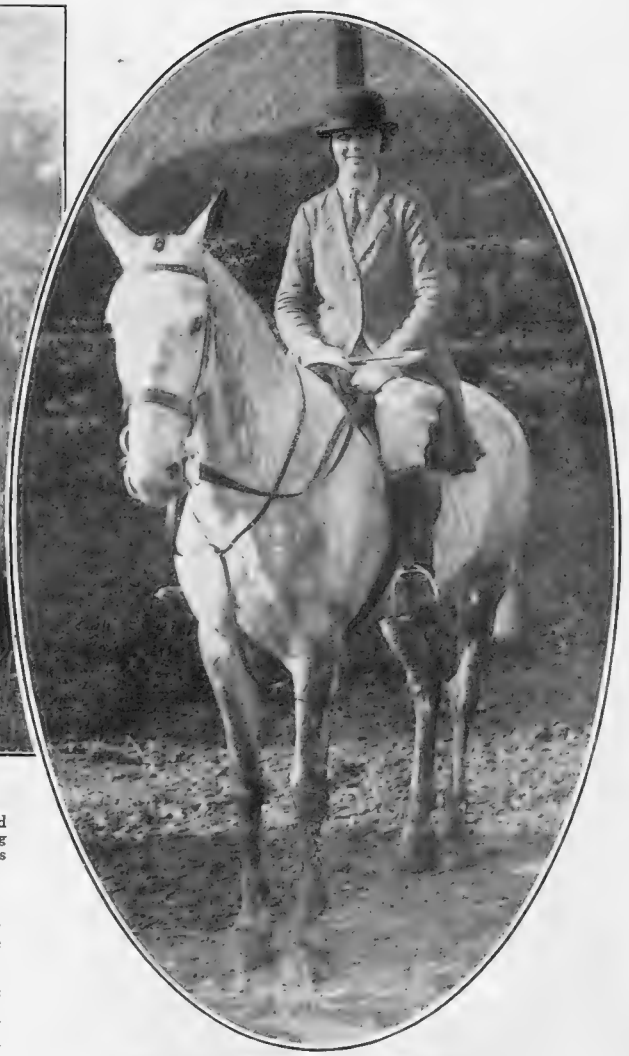
ON THE "BEATEN" TRACK

Lady Quilter (left), Miss Inez Quilter, and Sir Cuthbert Quilter at their recent shooting party. The shoot took place at Sir Cuthbert's home at Woodbridge, Suffolk

Central News

AWAITING THE BIRDS

Captain and Mrs. Gerrard Fane at the recent shooting party given by Sir Cuthbert and Lady Quilter at Bawdsey Manor, Woodbridge, Suffolk. At the moment the photograph was taken, the birds appear to have been engaged elsewhere



Alfieri

AN INEVITABLE HUNTING PRELIMINARY

Lady Mary FitzMaurice, one of a very large field, at the opening meet of the Whaddon Chase. There was a good kill at Aston Abbots after a splendid hunt lasting an hour and forty minutes

Photopress

BEFORE THE RUN

The Earl of Carlisle and Mrs. Rawle at the opening meet of the Whaddon Chase at Creslow Farm, near Aylesbury.

Peers and Professions

THE newspapers have paid considerable attention to the fact that the youthful Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire is a seaman before the mast, but there is no reason why a peer of the realm should not be a sailor on a tramp vessel if he wants to. And as the young man is the grandson of the late Mr. Leiter, of New York, it can be imagined he has a strain of adventure in his blood. His father, who married Miss Marguerite Leiter, the sister of Lord Curzon of Kedleston's first wife, the lovely Mary Leiter, was killed during the War.

Another youthful peer, Earl de la Warr, now one of the King's Lords-in-Waiting, served in the R.N.R. as what some newspapers seem to delight in calling "a common sailor," and took his oath, when he took his seat in the House of Lords, in uniform. The Marquis of Graham, the eldest son of the Duke of Montrose, holds a master's certificate, and could take a job at sea to-morrow as what I believe is described in nautical parlance a master-mariner.

I suppose the fuss made when a peer takes up any calling or profession is because the old idea that it is *infra dig.* for a peer to descend into the arena of labour still sticks somewhere in the back of people's minds. But by now we ought to have grown accustomed to peers using their brains like other folk.

The City bristles with peers, the Marquis of Carisbrooke amongst them, engaged in business. And one has lost count of the peers who farm, or who are interested in the selling of motor-cars. Both the Earl of Rosslyn and his son, Lord Loughborough, have been on the stage. Lord Glerawly, Earl Annesley's heir, was on the stage, too, and may still be pursuing that pleasant calling. There is a peer likewise on the music halls. Then we have Lord Howard de Walden and Lord Dunsany as dramatists, but the former hides his talent—of which we have just had an example in *Heraclitus* at the Holborn Empire—under the pseudonym of "T. E. Ellis." If you took the trouble you

could make a long list of the peers who are in some profession or another.

Ightham Mote

THE owner of that interesting old house near Sevenoaks, Ightham Mote, Mr. Thomas Colyer-Fergusson, becomes a baronet by the death of his father, Sir James Ranken Fergusson, of Spitalhaugh. The late baronet was nearly ninety, and succeeded his father, the first baronet, who was Sergeant-Surgeon to Queen Victoria, forty-seven years ago.

Sir James was married three times. His first wife was a Kentish heiress, a Miss Colyer, who brought Ightham Mote and Wombwell Hall at Northfleet, near Gravesend, in her dower. At her death these two places went to her son, Thomas, the present baronet, who assumed the name of Colyer about the time of his marriage to the daughter of the late Professor Max Muller.

Ightham Mote is one of the few moated houses left in England, and, save for the installation of modern comfort, remains absolutely untouched, a perfect specimen of the mediæval manor house. In the drawing-room is one of the earliest—if not the earliest—examples of Chinese wall-paper in England, put up, I believe, early in Charles II's reign.

Some Interesting Lectures

To those of you who are interested in the discoveries made by archæologists as to the ways and doings of our forebears thousands of years ago, let me recommend a series of lectures which are being given by Claire Gaudet at the British Museum on Thursday afternoons and at the Chelsea Polytechnic on Friday evenings from now until April. The object of the lectures is to link together the more important archæological discoveries of recent years in Mesopotamia, Egypt, and the Mediterranean, to show the evolution of architecture.

G. P. U.

MEMORIES!

Vice-Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, who was so closely connected with the gallant Dover Patrol, inspecting the Guard of Honour of the "Green Howards" at the unveiling of Dover's War Memorial

Alfieri

A CARD PARTY AT NEWPORT

Lady Webb and Mrs. W. J. M. Barry at the Newport races. Owing to heavy rains, the going on the Caerleon course was pretty heavy. There were some close finishes despite the poor fields

Lafayette

THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK

The Duke della Grazia and his bride, Lady Hermione Herbert, Lord and Lady Powis's only daughter, after their marriage at St. James's, Spanish Place. The bridegroom, who up to the time of his wedding was the Count Roberto Lucchesi Palli, was given the ducal title by his father on his marriage

Alfieri

AN AUTUMN MEETING

Constance Duchess of Westminster and Mrs. Hoare at the Newport Autumn Steeplechases

Excavating is a fascinating subject. I was in Crete at the time Sir Arthur Evans discovered the wall-paintings in the palace at Gnossos, showing a bull-fight with women as toreadors. These frescoes, which were almost as fresh as at the time they were painted, dated from a time before our known history began. It was thrilling to see them brought to light from the rubble and ruin beneath which they had been hidden for nobody knew how many thousands of years.

You can get the information as to dates and subjects of the lectures from the Hon. Secretary, "Recent Excavations," 120, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W.10. The Earl of Crawford, Lady Helena Gleichen, and Lord and Lady Askwith are amongst the patrons.

Poppy Day

Is there any need to remind BYSTANDER readers of Poppy Day? I think not. But there is one point in Lord Haig's

letter to the nation which we all ought to remember.

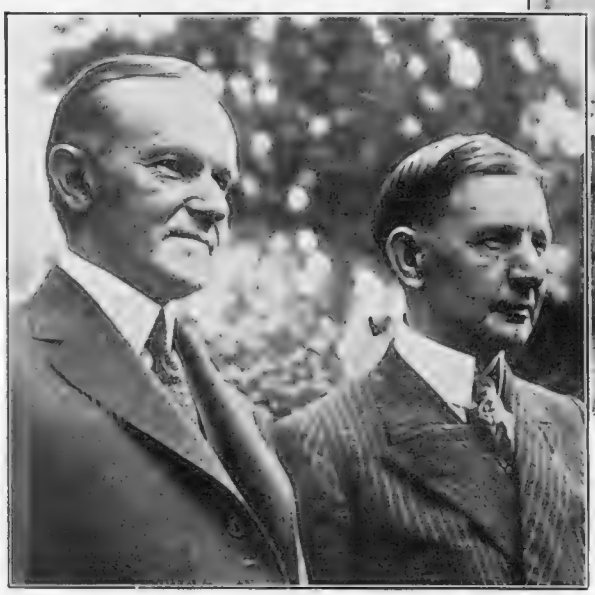
There are very few of us who haven't our legacy of tragedy from the War. Lord Haig asks us to remember that regret, however sacred, is sterile. There are 700,000 ex-Service men of all services and all ranks unemployed and in need of assistance. There are the widows and children of those who gave their lives. Lord Haig asks that the measure of our grief for our own dead should be the measure of our help to the living, broken and workless through their War service.

The Flanders poppies are sold in aid of the British Legion, which keeps thousands of ex-Service men from starvation. The Legion finds jobs for those who can work, and supports those so broken by the War that they cannot work. If any of my readers who live outside the myriad places where the poppies were sold—I know there must be some, because THE BYSTANDER goes into the "uttermost parts of Cyrene and Tyre"—would wish to join in this national duty, it won't be too late. They can send a cheque to the Secretary, British Legion Appeal Fund, 26, Eccleston Square, S.W.1.

Topical

OLD BERKELEY PERSONALITIES

Mr. Darvell, Lord Lawrence, Colonel Middleton, and Mr. E. Tyrwhitt-Drake at the opening meet of the Old Berkeley at Shardeloes, Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake's Amersham home. Colonel Middleton is sharing the Mastership with Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake this season



Central News

"WE ALL HAVE OUR ELECTION TROUBLES"

President Coolidge (left) and General Dawes, the President and Vice-President elect of the United States. Like "The Bystander," they have attained their "majorities" this year

"Fixtures"

To the weary house-hunter the word "fixtures" has a repellent sound. He or she—generally she—knows only too well that too often it covers something akin to blackmail, and that a fantastic sum for curtains, poles, electric light fittings, etc., which are not worth taking out of the house, is the only means of securing the tenancy. This little history shows you how "fixtures" are worked.

A bachelor was giving up a small flat to the landlord before the end of his lease. He consulted the hall-porter of the "mansions" as to what price he should charge for some linoleum, curtain rods, etc. As he had given £15 for the lot five years before, he thought £7 10*s*. a fair charge.

"You ask £30, sir," said the porter. "If you ask £7 10*s*., the guvnor will think they're worth nothing and perhaps won't give you even £2."

Thus advised, the departing tenant boldly asked £30. The landlord accepted the offer on the spot, and asked whether the seller would like a cheque or deduct the money from his rent.

Now it chanced that this flat was taken by an acquaintance of its former occupant. Imagine the latter's feelings when he was told the new tenant had paid the landlord £60 for the "fixtures"!

Alfieri

A CHEERFUL POINT OF VIEW

Mrs. N. J. Read, Mrs. H. Horton, and Mrs. F. J. Hinton at the Avon Valley Coursing Meeting at Downton

A Novel Idea

An original and most attractive idea has been lighted upon by some ingenious person to help the appeal which is being made to clear off the debt of £40,000 on King's College Hospital. There is to be a three days' shopping gala at Messrs. Holdron's, at Peckham, on November 24, 25, and 26, when the proprietors will give a generous proportion of the three days' takings to the Hospital. Princess Marie Louise, Sir Gerald du Maurier, and Viscountess Hambleden are amongst the openers, and amongst the sellers will be the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Mary Thynne, the Marchioness of Hartington, Viscountess Ednam, with Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Miss Marie Löhr, and other lights of the stage. It will be amusing to see the sellers, most of whom have a wide experience of bazaars, selling in a real shop.

A Curious Dream

We have all heard tales of premonitions of

death-dreams, visions—but this story about the return of the late Earl of Ashburnham to his Sussex home, Ashburnham Place, near Battle, is one of the most curious I have ever been told.

Lord Ashburnham had lived in Canada for many years. When he was close upon seventy he decided to visit his English estates, and, perhaps you will remember, died shortly after landing.

Ashburnham Place had been prepared for his coming. When the lodge-keeper was informed of the date and hour of his arrival, she said:

"I've had a most unpleasant dream. Something tells me his lordship will arrive by artificial light."

As Lord Ashburnham was expected in the daytime no particular notice was taken. Then came the news of his death. Here is the curious part. When the hearse bringing the body arrived at Ashburnham Place there was such a thick fog that the house had to be lighted up.

One often hears of dreams and premonitions after deaths or disasters have taken place, but in this instance I am assured that the dream was described before it was known that Lord Ashburnham was ill.

Hay Wrigh son

THE HON. ALISON AND MARGARET HORE-RUTHVEN

Daughters of Lord and Lady Ruthven, who are appearing in a charity matinee of "In a Persian Garden" at the Brighton Hippodrome on December 12, in aid of the Sussex Maternity and Women's Hospital

Foreign Alliances

LORD ACTON'S will recalls the fact that his family has made more foreign alliances than any other in the peerage. His great-grandfather was that famous John Acton who was commander-in-chief of the Neapolitan Army and Navy and Prime Minister of Naples in the time of Nelson. By a special dispensation of the Pope this many-sided genius married his niece, whose mother was a German.

Then Lord Acton's grandfather married the only child of the Duke d'Alberg, assuming that name as an additional surname. His father, the first baron and the great historian, married an Austrian, a Countess of Arco Valley.

Like that of a good many other people owning property in Germany, the Acton land in Bavaria is still under sequestration.

How It Happened

THIS little history was told me by a man who retired some years ago from the public service. He was secretary to a Promotion Board—whether naval or military I am not going to say—which consisted of four highly-placed officers. At one of their meetings a discussion arose on a point about which the four were in disagreement. From a discussion it developed into a quarrel.

"I won't say another word!" said one of the highly placed, very pink and very angry. "Nor I," said the three others, equally pink, equally angry. There was dead silence.

Now two names had to be put before the Board to choose an occupant for an important post. The first man was wholly unsuitable for the job, but his name had to be proposed because of his seniority. The second man was entirely suitable.

"There is the appointment to —— to be considered," said the secretary to the fuming pair. "The first name is . . ."

Dead silence from the four.

"Is he to be appointed?" enquired the secretary.

Again silence.

"Am I to take it that silence gives consent?"

Still no word from the four, who sat glaring at one another like angry school-boys. And that is how an important appointment was filled!

Sport and General

SOME KEEN COMPETITORS

A group of competitors waiting to play off the first tee in the *Star* Ladies Inter-Club Golf Tournament at Sandy Lodge

1903-1924

By E. L. Roberts

THE good old days of long ago
Were, possibly, a trifle slow—
Boosters had not yet learnt to boost,
And Mrs. Grundy ruled the roost.

BRIDGE had not grown into a craze;
The golfer went his devious ways
Trying to make his gutty soar,
And longing for a rubber-core.

RAGTIME and jazz did not exist,
Nor any psycho-analyst.
Censors were banning more or less
"Unpleasant" plays by G.B.S.

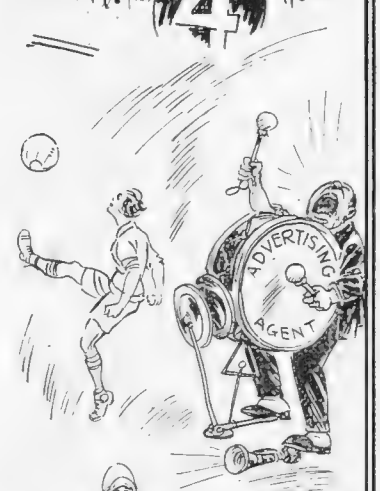
CHILDREN still laughed at Punch and Judy;
Sheiks were unknown by Mr. Mudie;
Marie Corelli and Hall Caine
Intrigued Suburbia urbane.

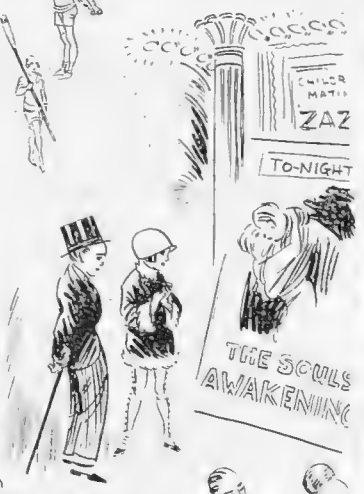
No Bolshevik had given tongue,
"The Red Flag" was unknown, unsung;
And income-tax, though payers frowned,
Was very little in the £.

Sex-equality was remote—
Woman had still to win her vote!
Cocktails and cigarettes were classed
As most *unladylike* and *fast!*

No blooming, blushing brides (and grooms)
Grumbled and groused in "furnished rooms"—
Landlords rushed round to *offer* houses
To braces of prospective spouses!

BUT though our fathers in their prime
Enjoyed a somewhat cushy time
When golden sovereigns were rife,
And there was less industrial strife,
One thing they lacked (their need was chronic):
They had no BYSTANDER for tonic! . . .
(They also missed—and this was hard—
The wheezes of the present bard!)





SKETCHES BY CUNINGHAM

RUGGER RAGGINGS

WHICH 'VARSITY? By "PENDARVES."

THUS spake the Seers, the Prophets, and the Soothsayers, on a wet Sunday afternoon, after a day crammed with Rugger all over the Kingdom, everybody in the room having played or watched a first-class game:

"It will be another Oxford year, mark my words. [He was at Oxford in 1922.] Dam'it, Oxford are so crowded out with Old Blues, and Internationals and Trial Cap men, that Wordsworth, I'm told, is simply putting names into a hat and drawing lots as to who shall play in the club games every Saturday. As for the 'Varsity Match, don't be silly, old thing, we've got six Internationals in the three-quarter line to choose from—hope you realise that. Who? I. S. Smith, G. P. S. Macpherson, G. G. Aitken, A. C. Wallace, H. P. Jacob, and C. E. W. Mackintosh. They are all up this term. Yes, and don't you forget it. There are, moreover, twelve Old Blues in residence. How do you mean we haven't got any halves to fill Humphrey's and Lawton's places? Dash it, we've got W. I. N. Strong of Blackheath, and N. L. Macdonald of the Scottish. And as outsides either Waldock or Squibbs. Oh, no: we're all right behind, make no mistake. Raymond is coming on nicely at full back, too . . . Now, will anyone have a bet? . . ." A few bets taken and offered. And then Cambridge spoke—an Old Blue: "W—ell. I saw our 'Varsity play a week or so ago in one of the preliminary club games—Richmond, wasn't it? Yes. My Word! The finest club pack in the country I maintain we've got. Everybody says so. But behind the scrum—phew! Young flings it out to Francis, and Francis to the three's—and there it remains. We haven't got any centre three-quarters at all s'far as I could see. You never saw such an exhibition. Slow, laboured passing, extremely orthodox, clumsy and obvious. And when they *did* get a move on and finally let it go out to either Rowe-Harding on the left, or Devitt (last year's Blue, you remember) on the right, it was in such a manner that each of these poor devils found themselves time and again hemmed in on the touch line with at least three opponents marking them—awful! Besides, Rowe-Harding pulls up when about to be tackled. So does Devitt—fatal habit. And they don't tackle either. . . ."

So say the prophets and the Men Who Have Just Come Down. But the bemused British Public who will flock to the 'Varsity Match this year, as formerly, will have a clear and lucidly defined opinion about the winners long before the appointed day. Why? Because their Sunday papers will have told them all they want to know. Thus: "Oxford University thoroughly deserved their victory yesterday against the heavy strong Old Borstalian Club at Sloshcumbe. Their backs played an exceedingly pretty game, and the three tries gained by Jacob, Aitken, and Raymond were the result of superb combination. . . ."

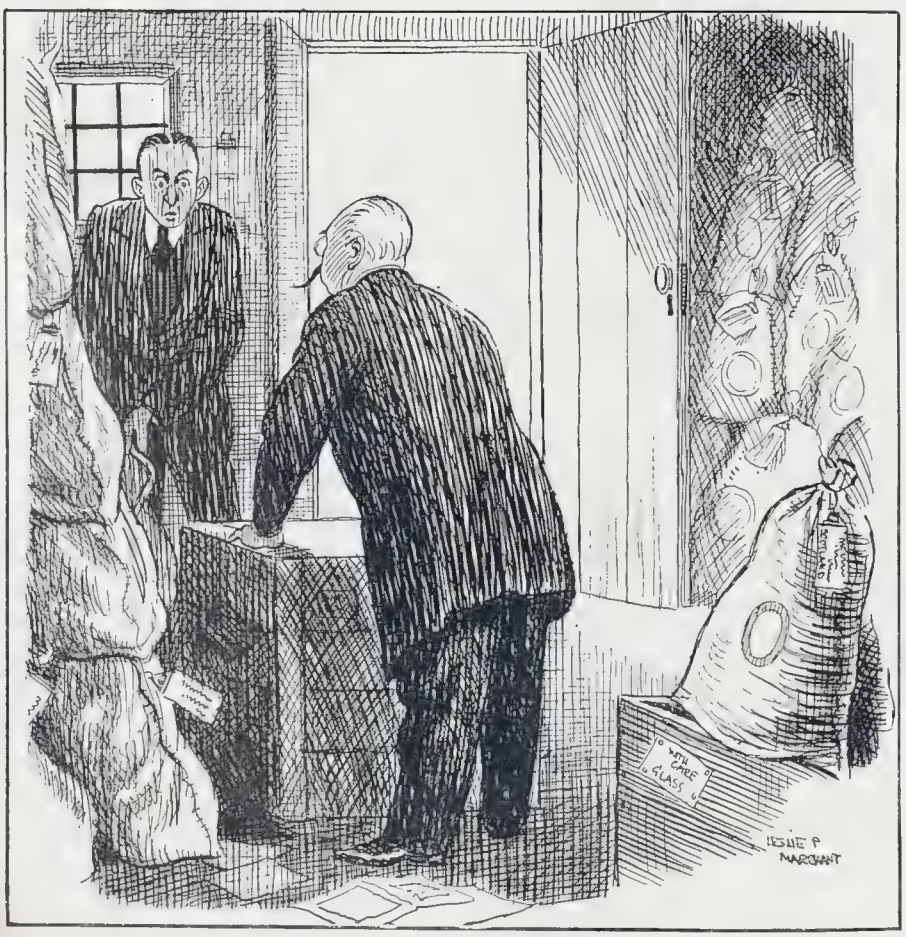
"There you are," says the Man In The Armchair, "it's combination you want. That's what Oxford had last year. I'll lay fours on Oxford . . . ."

But the Man On The Sofa has been reading this: "The Cambridge forwards were excellent yesterday at Hangar Hill. Indeed, I seldom remember seeing a more cohesive and fast pack since dear old Strongi'tharm's days in the 'nineties. . . ."

This reader is convinced that "the forwards will do it this year," and takes the Oxford punter's bet with avidity. After all, he remembers clearly what happened at Cambridge when Wakefield was up. . . .

Remains, gentlemen, your bets and mine. As far as my betting is concerned I shall follow my usual custom. That is to have no bet at all until I am on the ground at Twickenham, snugly wedged in the Stand between two hoarse-voiced partisans, the one beseeching Oxford and the other clamant about Cambridge.

When the game has been in progress about ten minutes, I shall then have a whispered bet with both parties individually and separately. I shall then be in the enviable position known to the racing fraternity as "on something to nothing," or a position which the laity describes as "heads I win, tails you lose." Why don't you do this?—It's the only safe way with the 'Varsity Match, believe me.



THOSE HIGHLAND GAMES By Leslie P. Marchant

Head of Mail Order Dept. (*seeing sacks of outgoing mail*): "Good biz!"
Melancholy Underling: "Those, sir, are the free samples for the Scottish Mail"

The Sporting Gallery

Mr. H. M. Bateman, whose *real* name, we think, is "Baitman"—or, at any rate, it ought to be, because of the genial way he makes us laugh at the foibles of the other fellow—is holding an exhibition of his delightful humorous drawings and character studies at London's newest gallery, which will be open to the public on November 24. The gallery is known as the Sporting Gallery, and is situated at 32, King Street, Covent Garden. The name indicates a specialisation in pictures of every kind of sport, in addition to satirical humour, and is sure to be appreciated by a sportsmanlike public.

A Fell Design

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

One of the allegorical cars to be used in our triumphal procession along Fleet Street to celebrate our twenty-first birthday

BY HIGGINS

"WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE KNOWN YOU!"

THE "B.C." Bystander

By Basil Macdonald Hastings

Illustrated by ALFRED LEETE

The Battle of Hastings was 1066,
A date beyond others it's easy to fix.
But our special date's more important, we're sure
Our majority year. That's 1924.

I HAVE a sensational announcement to make. It will amaze the proprietors and staff of THE BYSTANDER as much as it amazes me, and, from this moment, the world. THE BYSTANDER *was not born twenty-one years ago!*

A little patience, please. With the connivance of the Italian police I recently paid a domiciliary visit to the house of Dr. di Martino Fusco (Fusco being cat-Latin for "Fudge"), who claims to have discovered the missing volumes of Livy. Fusco and I were closeted long together. He told me all he knew, which took two days, and I volunteered in return a personal statement which was stopped after two minutes.

When he had finished with Livy and others, including a poem by Stesichorus and the life of St. Januarius, Fusco suddenly tapped me on the chest and said: "Can you read uncial writing?" . . . I laughed.

Can I read uncial writing? Of course I am willing to admit that some pawnbrokers are not nearly such good caligraphists as others. One, who advanced me 2*s*. on a matchbox in 1898, was ready to take an oath in 1899 that the original 2 was 7, and was only dissuaded from calling a policeman by the obvious fact that any enquiry into the matter would only result in the expulsion from the Pawnbrokers' Union of a man who, without any most favoured client clause, advanced 7*s*. on two ounces of synthetic near-gold.

I was, therefore, able to assure Fusco that at Uncial's handwriting I was a whale.

"*Bono*," said he. "Cast your eye over that codex."

When the dust was rubbed out of my eyes, I found before me a bulky manuscript labelled "UNUS CIRCUMSTANTIUM."

"Read it," commanded Fusco.

Instead, I trembled. "This isn't a codex," I gasped. "This is an early issue of the premier illustrated weekly journal of the world." Di Martino Fusco laughed madly, and, going away, hid himself in the mountains.

But come with me, and Dr. William Smith, into the office. "Unus" means "one," and "Circumstantium" means "of those who stand around." "One of those who stand around" is a bystander, or a watcher. Eagerly I turn over the pages; undoubtedly a perfectly genuine BYSTANDER of B.C. 48, perhaps Livy's own copy.

The frontispiece, if you please, is a portrait, crudely drawn, of Cleopatra. The caption reads: "CUPID IN ALEXANDRIA—Madam Cleopatra, whose engagement to Julius Cæsar may be announced at any moment. The romantic story goes that the fair lady introduced herself in disguise into the palace of Cæsar. *Del.* Hoppeius."

The leading article is headed "Nemesis," which, it explains, is the goddess assigned by the religion of the Greeks to be the punisher of excessive prosperity. "It has been left to Ptolemy junior," are its concluding words, "to knock the pomp out of Pompey."

News columns were a prominent feature of the "B.C." BYSTANDER, probably because there were no daily papers. Here is how the end of Pompey is headlined:

POMPEY FALLS FOR CONFIDENCE TRICK

BEHEADED ON BEACH

SHOCK FOR SEASIDE TRIPPERS

EXCURSIONISTS BURN BODY

(*From Our Alexandria Correspondent*)

But there is an announcement on this very page which, I must confess, took my breath away for several hours. We are accustomed nowadays to the side-line journalism of the good and great. The poor dears have their income tax to pay like everyone else. But I little imagined that the practice of getting "stories" from those in the public eye had been anticipated so long ago as B.C. 48.

Yet here is the crude announcement, made without any flourish of trumpets, so suggesting strongly that the event already had a precedent. "*The Bystander and the Blockade.* We have pleasure in informing our readers that J. Cæsar has joined our staff. Events in Egypt will, therefore, be chronicled herein by the man who knows most about them. Watch this page."

Now, is it possible? Feverishly I dash to my bookshelves and take down "The Student's Rome." Blockade of Alexandria, that is what I want. Here it is, in Chap. LXIII—". . blockaded Cæsar in the Royal palace . . .

great difficulty in maintaining communication with island of Pharos . . . retaking it was a matter of life and death; and after a desperate attack from the sea Cæsar was successful, though during the conflict he was in so much danger that he was obliged to swim for his life from a sinking ship, with his general's cloak between his teeth, *holding his notebook above water in his left hand.*" . . . Daylight and champagne could discover no more. Julius Cæsar nearly perished through his devotion to the "B.C." BYSTANDER.

On the middle page of the alleged codex there is what appears to be an attempt at a political cartoon. In the centre is a large pail, or bucket, labelled CÆSAR. The features of a man are indicated on the bucket, and are probably intended for those of Julius himself. Beside the bucket is a kettle, to which human legs have, humorously enough, been attached. This kettle is labelled "POMPEY," and one of its legs is kicking the bucket labelled CÆSAR. The title is "*Hama et Calcitro*" (*Del. Emilius Titus Reederius*), which means "The Bucket and the Kicker." A happy hit, to be sure, and perhaps a clue to the ancestry, at least, of the Hama, Yogo.

There is a page of early Roman jests, signed "Hamilcartley Carrickus." The first runs: "Cur pullus viam transit? Ut ad domum publicam trajiciat." That is the first candid answer to the riddle I have ever read. Early Roman puns do not appear to have been any better than ours. Take this: "Pompey lost the Battle of Pharsalia. Since then he has been a far sailer." A forgiving Editor, no doubt.

There appears to have been a pretty good revue, *Hello, Gallia*, running at the Flavian Amphitheatre. The crack "comics" were Laberius and Publ. Syrus. The latter was Cæsar's favourite because, when he bent down on the stage, someone near by tore a piece of paper. The comedian then affected to think that his garments were splitting, and his mock dismay caused paroxysms of tittering amongst all patrons. This "gag" might well be introduced by some of our modern comedians. Laberius was the first comedian to trip over his foot, turn and raise his hat in apology. "The Student's Rome" tells me that he was made a knight, so that Harry Lauder did *not* get there first, and that his shows were notable for "the absence of plot and their relation to the topics of the day." Really, this "B.C." BYSTANDER is a reminder that there is nothing new under the sun.

On a page which has suffered badly from moth and damp is a review of a new volume of poems by Lucretius. Apparently it bore the title of "The Nature of the Universe," and the critic, one Romulus Straussius, deliberately accuses the author of "lifting" large slices of his stuff from Anaxagoras. "The Passage about the Sacrifice of Iphigenia is pinched deliberately from the famous chorus in the Agamemnon of Æschylus." Romulus goes on to give nasty details about the goings-on of Lucretius and chattily observes: "All Lucretius cares about is lucre. I happen to know what Cicero thinks about him. I asked the veteran the other day in the Appian Way if he considered Lucretius a poet. He tugged at his beard and answered, 'Eagles do not twitter.'" So this "B.C." BYSTANDER hit out straight from the shoulder in literary as well as other matters.

On the page devoted to horse-racing a tip is given for the *Certamen Equorum* to be run on the following Tuesday at Alexandria Park. The tipster, Caius Carbinius, advises all and sundry to put their *suberculæ* or *camisiæ* on a brute called *Pecuniæ Centumpondia*. ("Of money, hundredweights.") Ruff's Guide for B.C. 48 shows that the animal started favourite at 7 to 4 on and finished a bad ninth. "What a beauty!" as "Educated Evans" would say.

As I put down the tattered manuscript after a first perusal, a perfect picture of the life of Rome in B.C. 48 floats before my eyes. Somehow one is glad that these men of a period of pleasure were not denied one of the most perfect pleasures. Epicurus would have been a trifle handicapped in the pursuit of joy if there had been no BYSTANDERS on the stalls. And Livy! Writing history is dull work, and one is glad that he could get relaxation from it by the spending of a few *denarii*.

But what is this on the outside of the script? . . . No, surely not. Yes, it is. An unmistakable impression of a rubber stamp. "Public Library, Naples. Not to be taken away." There! That's the sort of fellow Livy was. B. M. H.

Pastimes and Past Times

By HARTLEY CARRICK

An historian declares that few famous men in the past were athletic.

MARK ANTONY had just the tongue to wheedle
His foes in a political pow-wow;
(Although poor Cleopatra got the needle
That rests upon the Thames Embankment now!)
O'er Cæsar he pronounced a pretty war-hymn,
Quite the model of a modest eulogy;
His eloquence would carry all before him;
But he couldn't carry bunkers from the tee!

KING HAL proclaimed himself the Church's pillar;
You'll recall, of course, the Monasteries' fate;
(He was also a tremendous lady-killer,
And inspired the anthem, "Henry, Him of Eight!")
It didn't take him long to put his ban on
The abbots, or to give the monks the push;
He made an end of every tricky canon;
But he couldn't make a cannon off the cush!

FRANCIS BACON is a figure that's historic;
But he couldn't tell a racquet from a ball.
William Shakespeare wrote a lot of plays near Warwick!
But he never played for Warwickshire at all!
There are scores of others, too, though I've forgotten 'em:
Harry Hotspur is another that occurs;
But if Harry had been living now at Tottenham,
He wouldn't have been playing for the 'Spurs!

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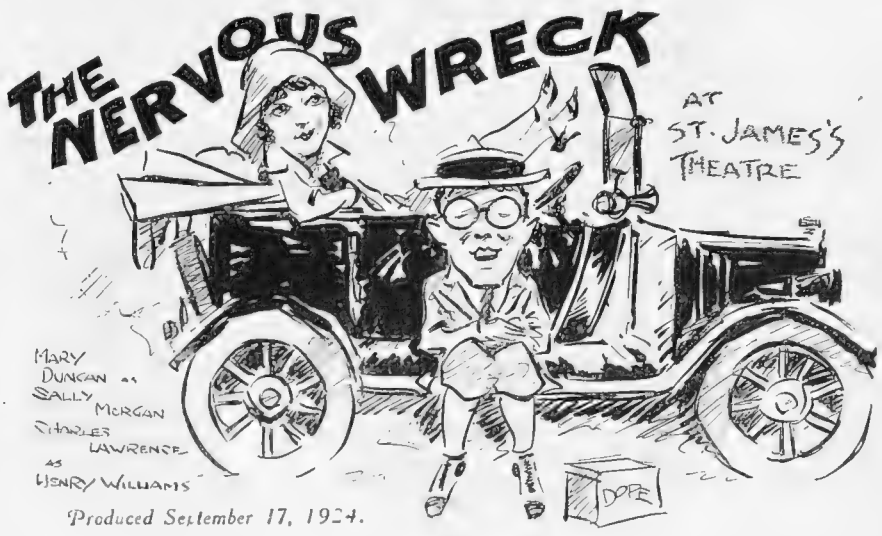
LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

"The play's the thing," to quote the Bard
(As Jingle often does no doubt)
And we to-day are still in play—
Our score is "twenty-one not out."



Produced September 17, 1924.

By "JINGLE." *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

THIS is the diverting tale of a *malade imaginaire* told in the American language. A marriage had been arranged by Mr. Jud Morgan between his daughter Sally and Bob Wells, the Sheriff of Black Top Canyon. After having been engaged for about five years, Sally has come to the conclusion that the engagement is not the cinch it was cracked up to be, so she decides to beat it for the open road. That is to say, she asks Henry Williams to take her in his car to the nearest railroad depot, some fifty miles away, so that she can get the first train to Anywhere. She reckoned Henry was the straight goods anyway, because he was a Nervous Wreck, and therefore not likely to get fresh on the outward trail. Oh, and that reminds me! In case the Editor should have omitted to mention it elsewhere, I will take the liberty of announcing that this is THE BYSTANDER'S twenty-first birthday. In short, this illuminating journal to-day celebrates its majority, which is a blessed word, indeed, in these contentious times. Sure!

NOW we gotta get right back to Sally and Henry. When the car has reached a spot that is miles from the nearest place, it naturally has the usual breakdown. Henry cannot find out what is wrong with the works, although he opens the bonnet and tinkers with the car's vitals for quite a while. Then Sally takes the floor. She has gotta hunch that the car has stopped for want of petrol, and though Henry ridicules her notion, she takes soundings in the tank, and proves that what she says is right, though, since she is a woman, it would have been so in any case. Henry is so upset at the news that he has to sit down and take his temperature and two health pellets in order to steady his nerves. He assures Sally that he is such a wreck that he is not to be depended on in times of stress. There is no knowing what he may or may not do.

THE bubbling humour of the play consists in contrasting the two moods of the invalid in sharp sequence. He whines, for instance, that he is unable to sleep at nights; yet when he happens to drop into a brief nap, while waiting the chance arrival of another car on the road, Sally has practically to sit on his head in order to awaken him. Then Sally produces a loaded revolver from the car, and Henry is panic-stricken with fear until

she has satisfied him by emptying the cartridges from it. Presently another car comes upon the scene. Henry stops it apologetically, and emphasising the fact that he is a nervous wreck, appeals respectfully for a gallon or so of petrol to enable him to carry on. So deferential is he that he nearly allows the other car to run him down while he is making his appeal.

BUT as soon as the strangers have made it clear to him that they do not propose to give him the least drop of petrol, the occasion brings forth the man. The nervous wreck snatches the empty pistol from the car and holds up the new arrivals with the deft swiftness of a trained "gunman." Further, in the darkness he thrusts a

spanner into Sally's hand and orders her sternly to "cover" the crowd, and to shoot the moment any of them drops his hands. Still wailing that he is a nervous wreck, Henry compels the chauffeur of the other car to fill the empty tank with petrol, and covers the fellow till he has started the engine. Henry's final exploit is to cover the big man of the bunch and compel him to disable his car so that it will not be in a condition to take up pursuit for quite a while.

HENRY and Sally arrive in due course at "Bar M. Ranch," where the chief trouble is that the cook has left, and there is no one to prepare the meals. The manager in charge of the ranch, Andy Nabb, receives the young people with open arms, and, taking them for husband and wife, tells Sally that she can be the cook while Henry can act as waiter. To be sure of retaining their services in these capacities, he hides their car, and drops a hint that if they should try and escape they are liable to be shot. As a matter of fact, Henry and Sally do once make a dash for liberty; but as the shooting promptly begins, they dash back to shelter again, and Henry has to take his temperature and some more pellets. And now I come to think of it, I beg respectfully to announce that this is THE BYSTANDER's twenty-first—but I remember that I have already drawn attention to that interesting fact. Still, I would like you to know it, because THE BYSTANDER is such a notoriously modest and unassuming journal that a little thing like its twenty-first birthday may well have been overlooked in the usual rush to maintain its high standard of efficiency.

WHILE Sally and Henry are engaged in their menial occupations a big blustering cowboy comes into the Living Room and remarks significantly that although Sally is passing herself off as a married woman, it is to be observed that she wears no wedding ring. The cowboy, therefore, promptly informs her that he expects his share of the favours so indiscriminately showered on Henry. When Henry "kicks" at this, the cowboy shows a disposition to draw a gun, and Henry is for the moment reduced to his thermometer and his pellets in order to repair his wrecked system. After that, we don't know quite what happens to the cowboy, but a little later he is picked up outside the Ranch House with a badly swollen nose and a promising black eye, and we conclude that the nervous wreck has been getting in some more of his deadly work. Indeed, whenever Henry appears on the scene after that, the cowboy slinks away swiftly, thus making it abundantly clear that for a nervous wreck Henry is "some" fighter.

IT subsequently transpires that the car that Henry held up on the road was that of the owner of the Ranch, who on his arrival promptly telephones for the Sheriff to scour the country for bandits. The Sheriff is, of course, Bob Wells himself. He is surprised to find Sally on the premises when he arrives, and wants an explanation. But Henry happens along and scares the Sheriff, and everyone else. When it is a question of identifying him as the petrol thief, Henry emerges from his nervous wreckage far enough to "hold up" the entire company, and dictate peace on his own terms. Then Andy Nabb remembers suddenly that he is a Justice of the Peace, and as such legally empowered to marry the young people, and thus solve the ever-present difficulty of the case of the lady who has stayed out all night. The ceremony is a bit swift for our conservative ideals, but it rounds off the evening's adventures very amusingly.

MISS MARY DUNCAN is most interesting as the determined Sally Morgan, while Mr. Charles Lawrence

as Henry Williams proves himself to be a comedian of distinction. He is an adept at all the well-known stunts such as falling about the stage, and dropping trays of food, manifestations of the comic spirit that can always be relied upon to provoke mirth. The play is chiefly in the hands of these two artists, to whom the rest of the company, able as they are, act merely as useful foils. *The Nervous Wreck* impressed me as being very original, and once your ear has become attuned to the vurry Amurrican accents, you will not miss any of the rich fun at which we laffed and laffed and laffed. And, by the way, this is THE BYSTANDER's twenty-first——oh, did I? So sorry!

JINGLE

Braving the Weather at the Wetherby 'Chases

THE MISSES TENNANT (left), MR. NICKOLS AND MRS. TENNANT

MRS. NICKOLS AND MRS. LIPSCOMB

MRS. STANLEY BEST and MISS MOLLY CUMPSTONE

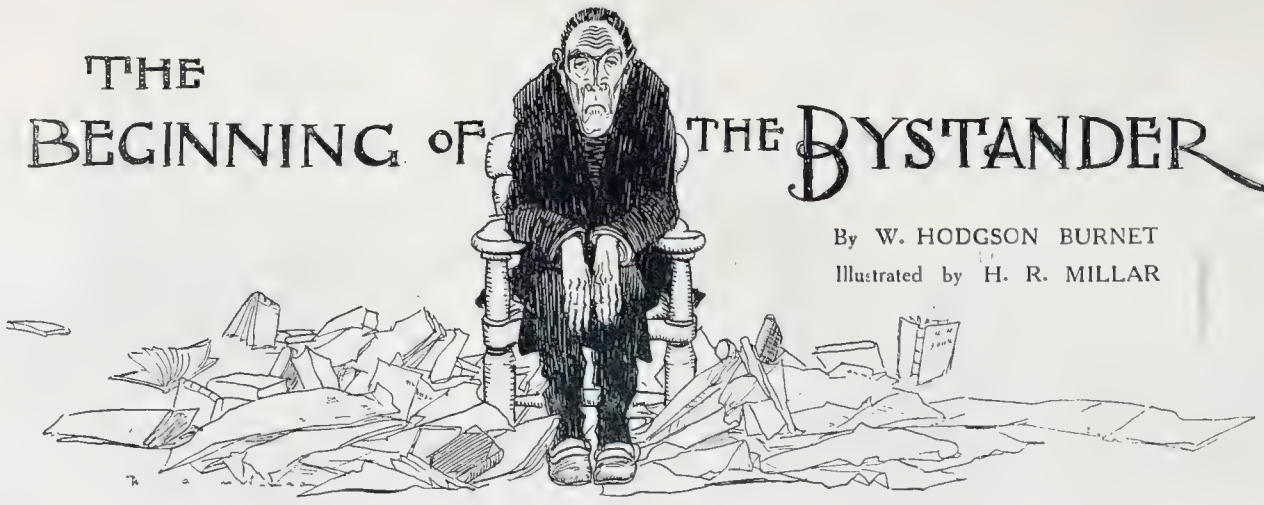
MISS MICKLETHWAITE

Alfieri

MR. AND MRS. MACILWAIN

Some of the spectators who faced the Yorkshire damp to visit the Wetherby Steeplechases. Although the favourites were rather "backward in coming forward," there was plenty to interest in the racing, which included a "dead-heat" and an overruled objection

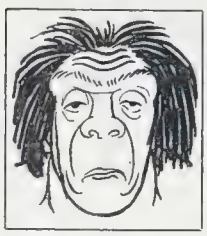
THE BEGINNING OF THE BYSTANDER



By W. HODGSON BURNET
Illustrated by H. R. MILLAR

[*With apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling*]

Now in the very beginning of years, O Best Beloved, when the world was so new-and-all, there *was* no BYSTANDER. Really and truly there wasn't. Think of *that!* And the consequence was that Man, who was a Primitive but knew-there-was-something-lacking, went about with a face like this—



And if you *don't* mind, Best Beloved, we will call him Long-face for short. So that's all right, isn't it?

Now attend and listen!

Long-face went about *with* his long face for oh! hundreds and thousands of years, looking desp'rately miserable. You can see that by the worried look on his forehead which I have shown in the truly picture by three strokes, 'cos that is the way to draw a worried look. And the reason he looked so desp'rately mis rable was partly because he couldn't read, but principally because there *was* nothing to read, even if he had been able to. Do you see?

Well, in the course of Time, when the world wasn't quite so new as it had been, Long-face (we agreed we would call him that, didn't we?) learned to read. And in obedience to the law of Demand and Supply (which your Daddy will 'splain to you), those-who-had learnt-to-write-and-to-print gave him books. And Long-face read all the books there were, but still he looked desp'rately miserable, for he knew there was something lacking. And when a man knows that, O Best Beloved, you may be pretty certain that he will not be happy till he gets it. You've seen that in a 'vertisement, haven't you? Very well, then; that shows you!

So Those-who-had-learnt-to-write-and-to-print said to themselves, "This won't do. We must try something else." And they thought and they thought, and at last they gave him Newspapers. And Long-face read all the newspapers there were, but still he looked far from happy, for he felt convinced there was something lacking. And Those-who-had-learnt-to-print said, "Look here! this Long-faced fellow is somewhat difficult to please! We must think of something really good this time!" And they thought and they thought, and at last they gave him Magazines and Illustrated Weeklies. And Long-face read all the Magazines and Weeklies there were and cheered up just a little, but not much. And he said, "This is all very well, but *still* there is something lacking!" And then, O Best Beloved, Those-who-had-learnt-to-print had what is called an Inspiration. "We know exactly what old Long-face wants," they said. "You wait!" And presently they gave him—THE BYSTANDER! And when Long-face saw the first copy of THE BYSTANDER he was just going to say (from habit), "This is all very well, but there is still something lack——," but instead of saying that he began to turn the pages, and before he had got very far he knew that there *was* nothing lacking any more, and that the Dawn of Civilisation had really begun. And Long-face's long face gradually got shorter and rounder till it became like this—

The worried look entirely disappeared from his forehead, but in the picture I have used the same strokes as before, but at the corners of his eyes and mouth, 'cos that is the only way I know how to draw Happiness and Laughter.

Most faces are round and jolly-looking like the one I have drawed because the owners have either just bought the current number of THE BYSTANDER or they are looking forward to next Wednesday. So if you ever see a genuine Long-face sitting opposite to you in the Tube, O Best Beloved, you will know the reason *why* his face is long, won't you? *And* if you were to hand him your copy of THE BYSTANDER you would see a Transformation, which is 'scrutiating fun! You try it!

"And presently they gave Long-face—The Bystander!"

Our Artists and Their Ideals

A Pictorial Record of Some Bystander Types in the Making

Miss Helen McKie was not to be "drawn" when asked for her ideal. Womanlike, she takes refuge in the safety that lies in numbers

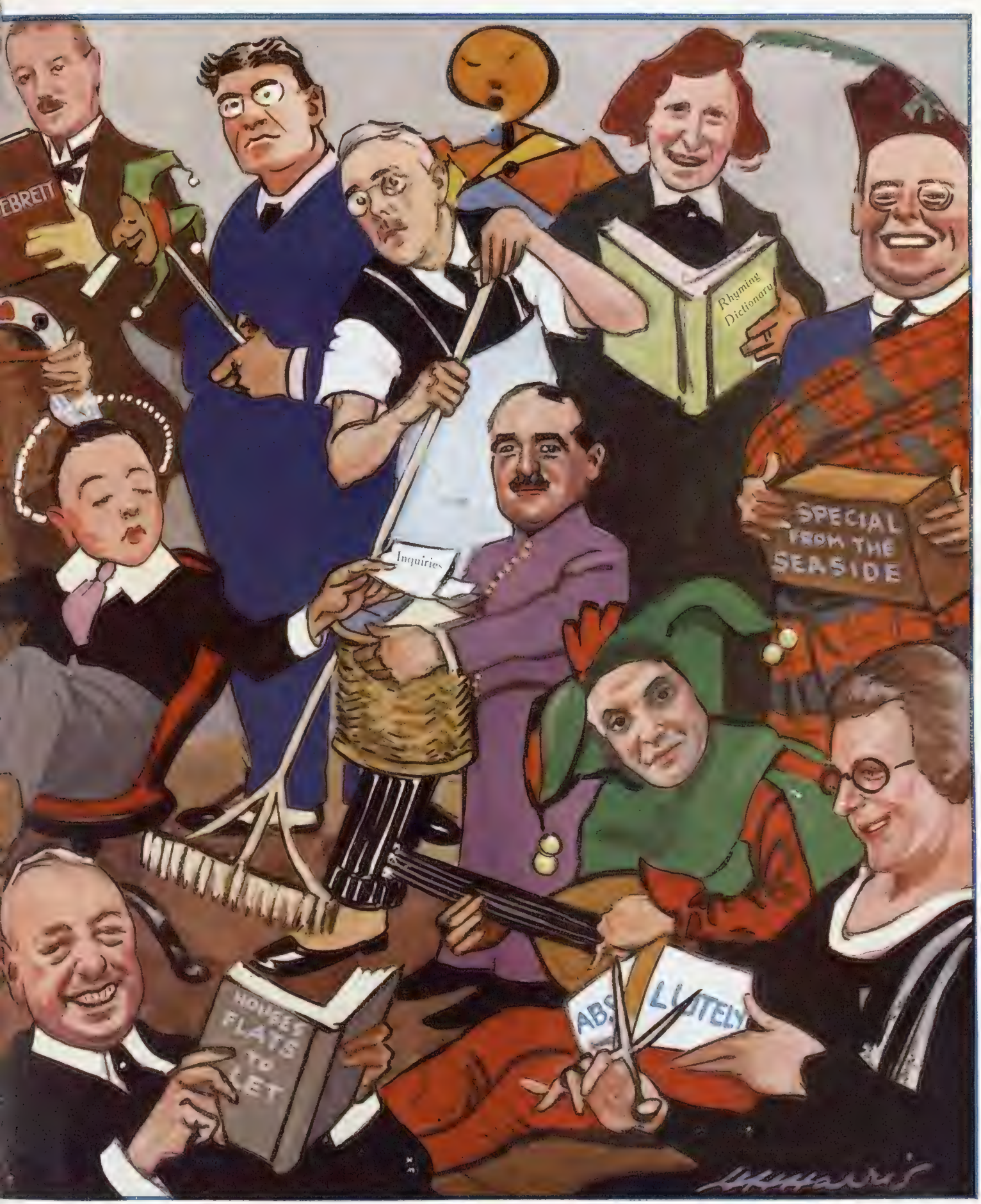
Mr. A. K. Macdonald—"*Le style c'est l'homme.*" It is evidently *la femme* as well!

Mr. W. Heath Robinson performs the hat trick with an old but somewhat gymnastically active friend

Mr. Howard K. Elcock, and a palettable morsel as fresh as paint

One hears a lot about artistic licence. But what is it? We've given some of our artists an inch or two of space in which to show their ideals. Some have taken an ell—of a lot. So that's what it is! There is sometimes, too, some talk of a clash of ideals. So as a precautionary measure we've given four other artists another page to splash about in. Look on p. 486—but mind the "splash"

OURSELVES!—CAN

Mercifully for our readers, usually between them and us "there is a veil past which they cannot see." However thought it would be a good thing to allow one peep at this Rogues' Gallery of those who do their little best wee contributors and members of the staff of THE BYSTANDER caricatured on this page. In another part of this issue (p. 4 malignity. Fill in the coupon and post it to us before December 12th. The

YOU IDENTIFY US?

as this is our Safety-First—sorry!—Twenty-First Birthday, and we will soon be old enough to know better, the Editor by week to earn your good wishes. A prize of TEN GUINEAS is offered to the reader who can identify the 8) will be found a numbered key-plan of the drawing and a list of these twenty-four objects of our cartoonist's—ahem!— irst correct solution opened, or the one most nearly correct, will receive the prize

Our Artists and Their Ideals

(Continued from page 483)

Mr. MacMichael tips a winner

Mr. Edmund Blampied believes in heel-taps—if the ankles are all right

Mr. H. M. Bateman believes in a "Monday's child" who, as everybody knows, is "fair in face"

Mr. Norman Keene and the "light touch" for which he is so well known

THE GREAT DAY

BY A·A· THOMSON

DON'T say a word to the printer,
Don't let the editor know;
Although I to-day shun
All jollification,
To-morrow it will not be so.
To-morrow I'm having a birthday,
A day dedicated to fun;
My demureness I'll shed,
I'll paint the town red,
I'll make half my letterpress stand on its head,
When I am twenty-one

I'LL take down the editor's pencil
Right from the topmost shelf;
I'll make him look blue
(And a good job too)
By pencilling him himself.
I'll seize the office scissors
And, starting with a run,
I'll cut off the head
Of th' Assistant Ed.;
He's often "cut" me, so I'll cut him dead
When I am twenty-one.

I'LL cut right away from convention,
I'll break rules far and wide.
All artists and writers
I'll sack 'em, the blighters!—
And wear my cover inside.
I'll turn everything topsy-turvey,
I'll do it as sure as a gun.
I'll make Yogo Hama
The critic of drama,
And publish my story "The Purloined Pyjama"
When I am twenty-one.

I MAY have to settle down later;
Next week I'll be normal again
But just for to-morrow
I'm banishing sorrow—
I'm too overjoyed to be sane.
I won't go to press when they want me,
From morning to setting of sun;
I'll keep up a level
Of roystering revel—
Let the editor go to the (printers') devil . .
When I am twenty-one.

SKETCHES BY C. AMBLER

The Banality of Birthdays

By DELL LEIGH

BIRTHDAYS are responsible for a lot of the evil that walks the world at the present time. My local Collector of Taxes, for example — but no; he probably reads THE BYSTANDER in the public library from cover to cover, including the advertisements, and discretion is the better part of payment in full.

Also it is extraordinary what a number of birthdays people have in the course of a year. A man goes a long way outside the recognised channels of his usual procedure and offers you a drink. When you have recovered from the shock, and are holding firmly to the tankard for support, you make tender inquiries. "It is my birthday," he says, beamingly. And the usual condolences follow, coupled with the remark that he doesn't look it. Similarly, a week or so afterwards, when you jolt into him in the same place, convention and public school tradition, and all that rot, don't you know, compels you to offer a return of his previous hospitality.

"No," he says, firmly, "no, ol' man, not for me, thank'e"

You say "Really? Not just a spot?" trying to hide your relief under a pained exterior. Then, to your horror, he says, "W—ell, p'raps just *one*, seeing that it's my birthday—what about a thimbleful or so of that old brandy of theirs . . . ." (at five shillings a drop).

The birthday business used to be quite different when *I* was a boy [I wish this fellow would remember that THE BYSTANDER is a modern paper, and not one of the lost books of Livy—EDITOR]. There was some advantage in having a birthday then, because you could proclaim the fact to parents, aunts and uncles several weeks in advance, and enable them to be forearmed against the day. You can't do that sort of thing now. Times have changed. I find that if I tell a man it is my birthday to-morrow, he generally says, "Serve you right"; adding more often than not, "What time is the party?"

That is another thing about birthdays I detest. It is invariably a horribly expensive day, and night, for the birthdayee. I never can understand why a man should want to *celebrate* the fact that he was born forty-two years ago [He wasn't! ED.] by entertaining all sorts of interested people who never dream of having a birthday themselves. I am bound to record that a man did ring me up last year, a week or so before the auspicious day, and nearly knocked me off my chair by saying, "What would you like for your birthday, old chap—choose something nice?" It transpired later that he wanted the loan of my car for a fortnight's holiday in Scotland.

Women, too, are very odd about their birthdays (bless 'em). They don't proclaim the fact to an interested world after about the elastic twenty-four period. Why? You are supposed to remember her birthday, to do the necessary, and to ask no questions. She merely replying, "How perfectly sweet of you, I think it's *lovely*"; and then gracefully swimming out of what she considers rather dangerous waters. Some of them, of course, adopt the bold, brazen front. They advance to the attack by saying:

"Isn't it *too* frightful, I am running into another birthday—yes, on Wednesday. It really is tragic! Of course you'd never guess how old I was. . . ." And she looks archly at you, waiting.

That is a nice mess for a man to find himself in. You have a fairly shrewd idea, because her brother was up at Oxford with you, and you know the alleged age of a girl who was at Roedean with her. But does she want to be thought a woman of the world of twenty-four or a charming *ingenue* of twenty-one. You generally scramble out of the *consommé* by saying, "You can never tell a woman's age, they are all so marvellous."

And then she *repostes* with

"What do you mean by marvellous? Do you mean artificially so? You are not implying, are you, that I make up?"

And your last state is worse than the first.

Does anyone know—any man, of course—what people mean when they make use of that loose phrase "a woman of a certain age"? What age? Surely it should be "a woman of an uncertain age," shouldn't it? Or better still, "a woman who has buried her birthday." For I conclude the expression refers to the clever woman who, with great self-denial, never refers to the matter at all.

But I think there is something rather *naïve* about the hoary-headed old BYSTANDER blossoming out as the good young man about to come into his deserts on attaining his majority. Don't you know, a paper "firmly established in the roots of public affection," suddenly assuming the coy, maidenly smile and saying, "Oh, look at me—I'm twenty-one to-day; it *does* feel nice!"

THE WOMAN IN THE CASE

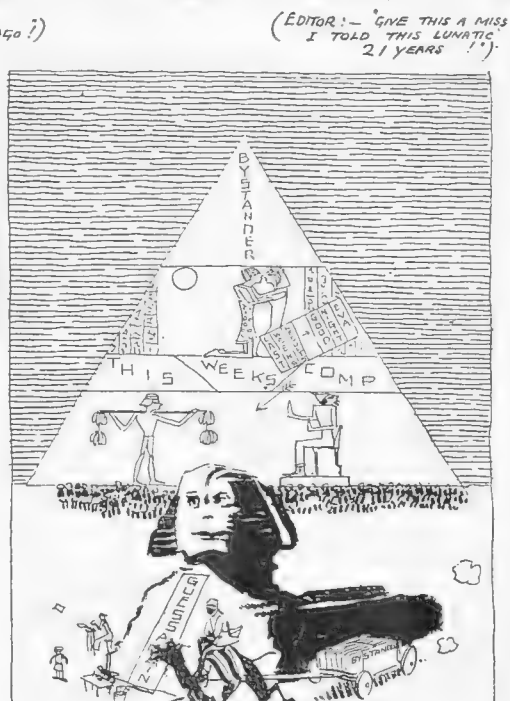
By STAN TERRY

OFFICE BOY (*who has just given notice*): "I'm not leaving because I want another rise, but yer passed me and my young lady last night, an' 'stead of raisin' yer 'at yer just nodded."

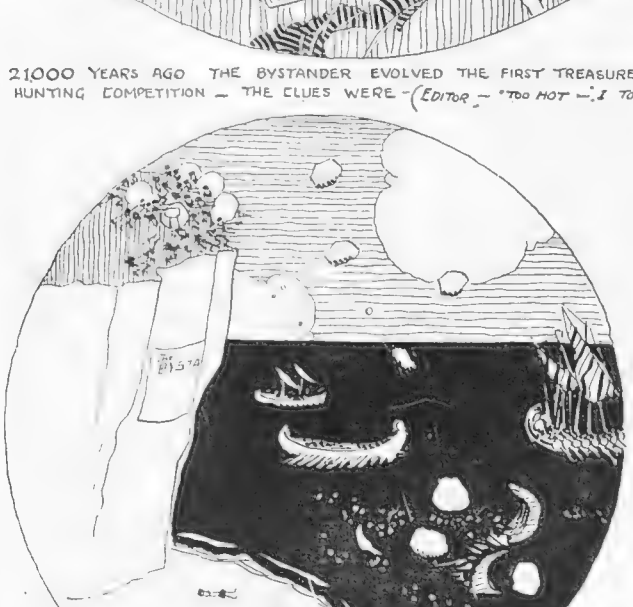
2,100,000 YEARS AGO ATLANTIS SAW THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE BYSTANDER. THE ATLANTEANS WERE OVERWHELMED WITH — (EDITOR:— "THIS DOESN'T HOLD WATER— I SAID 21 YEARS AGO!")

210,000 YEARS AGO — I REMEMBER WHEN THREE OF US CLUBBED TOGETHER TO OBTAIN THE FIRST COPY OF THE PAPER. (EDITOR:— "GIVE THIS A MISS— I TOLD THIS LUNATIC 21 YEARS!").

21000 YEARS AGO THE BYSTANDER EVOLVED THE FIRST TREASURE HUNTING COMPETITION — THE CLUES WERE — (EDITOR — "TOO HOT — I TOLD YOU —")



2100 YEARS AGO, OUR CONTRIBUTORS OVERSEAS SHARED IN THE EXCITEMENTS OF OUR PICTURE TITLES COMPETITIONS — (EDITOR:— "!!!")



—WHILE ROUND ABOUT THIS PERIOD, PESTERED THOUGH WE WERE WITH ROMAN INVASIONS, OUR SPECIAL SUMMER BATHING NUMBERS EXCEEDED ALL EXPECTATIONS (EDITOR:— "QUITE DIPPY, DEAR MAN — THE PAPER ONLY CAME OUT 21 YEARS AGO")

YES — YES !!

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

SOME BYSTANDER LEMONISCENCES BY OUR FRUITARIAN ARTIST

"Better to Hunt in Fields for Health Unbought,

Photopress

THE SURREY UNION'S FIRST MEET

The Joint Master Mr. H. C. Lee Steere) and Miss Ritchie at Jay's Park, Mr. Lee Steere's Ockley home

Alfieri

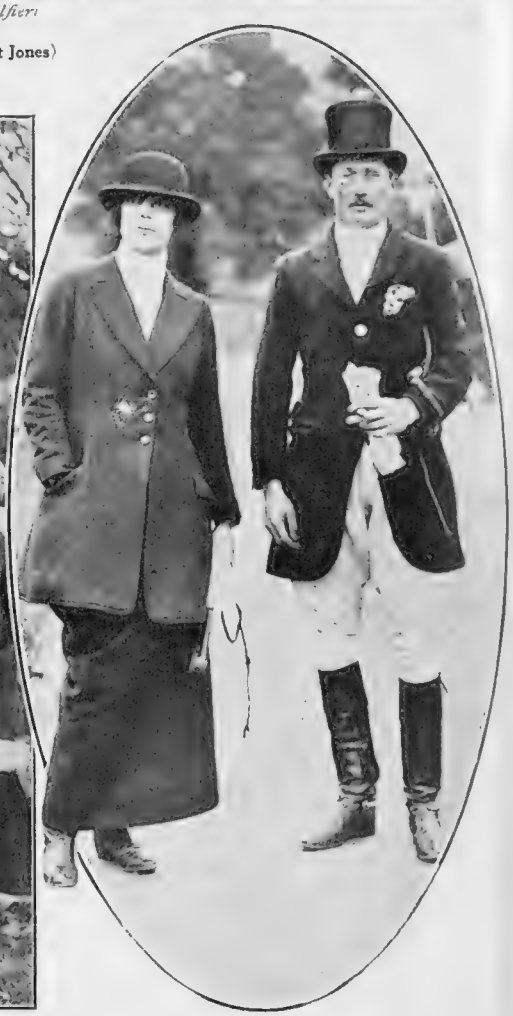
AT THE VINE OPENING MEET

The Duchess of Wellington with the Huntsman (Ernest Jones) at Ewhurst Park, the Duke's country seat

Sport and General

FOURS ABOUT—TO JOIN THE FIELD

Mrs. Kessler and her two daughters at the opening meet of the Old Surrey and Burstow at Godstone Green. The Old Surrey and Burstow hold their Hunt Ball at Redhill on Friday (Nov. 14th)



British Illus.

IN WILTSHIRE VALE COUNTRY

Captain C. L. Reid, Hon. Secretary of the Wylye Valley Hounds, with Mrs. Reid, at the opening meet

Though the dreaded foot-and-mouth has made hunting impossible in the Midlands owing to the Leicestershire outbreak, the opening of hunting proper from all points of the compass. There is, however, an abundance of foxes in most countries, so, except for the bogey of that

Than Fee a Doctor for a Nauseous Draught"

CROOME PERSONALITIES [*Universal*

The Hon. Peggy Coventry and the Hon. John Coventry at the opening meet of the Croome at Pershore Lodge. The hunt is, of course, always associated with the name of their grandfather, Lord Coventry, its founder

Universal

WELL MET IN WORCESTERSHIRE

Mr. W. G. Carr and Lady Lettice Lygon at the opening meet of the Croome at Pershore

THE WALL GAME

Mr. Victor Graham, completely caparisoned, with the Misses Spencer, ready for the opening meet of the Bicester at Stratton Audley

British Illus.

THE FIELD MOVES OFF

A picturesque view of the field moving off to the first covert at the opening meet of the Wylye Valley at Tytherington, the house of Mr. R. H. Eden, the Master, near Heytesbury

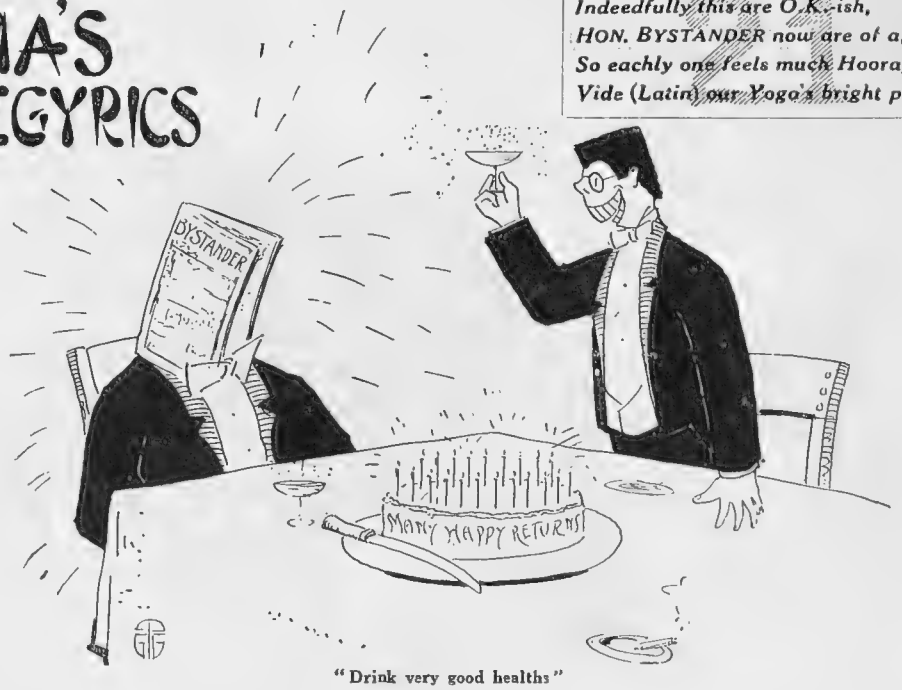
was almost entirely confined to packs in the South and West and the extreme North. Rain fell heavily—of course—and heavy going was reported fifteen-mile radius, everyone's hope for good sport this season may, after all, not be so sanguine as it appears at present

Indeedfully this are O.K.-ish,
HON. BYSTANDER now are of ages
So eachly one feels much Hoorayish ;
Vide (Latin) our Yoga's bright pages.

YOGO HAMA'S BIRTHDAY PANEGYRICS

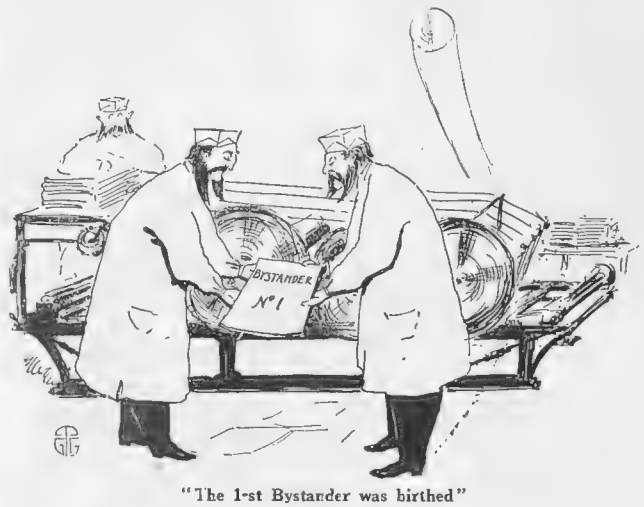
MOST DEAR HON. SIR—

PERMIT I should purvey my good congratulatings and other luckish omens to Hon. Bystander which has succeeded to achieve a 21-rd birthday thisly week, so that it are now become of legitimate age and can be responsible for its sins by law. I hug great pleasure to myself to think I are associate with this so delicious festive, and shall drink very good healths in sherry, champagne, port, B and S and other convivial fluids which I shall put down to debit BYSTANDER a/c with. I desire to wish many innumerous happy returns of to-day and likewisely feel awfully sure that 1,000's of persons will ejacule to echo this wish with 3 cheers and other suitable explosions.



"Drink very good healths"

Consider to yourself, Hon. Sir, the 1,000,000's of ignoramus persons who have succeeded to become very sophisticate and stylish because of reading the so good advices I weekly produce them,



"The 1-st Bystander was birthed"

also authentic sporting and political informations and lucrative tippings. If Hon. Bystander had non-succeeded to achieve a 21-th birthday, they would have continued abysmal because of not any Yogo Hama to push some light in their darkness. But I are very modest and bash, so shall not endeavour to depict the innumerous good works and other jobs I have constrained to produce at stupendous sacrifices and suchly theological pains. So I impray you to kindly not vociferate cheers on non-significant, non-worthy and modest self, but to deflect same to Hon. Bystander who imprints me.

How very stupendously glorious moment it must have felt when the 1-st Bystander was birthed. No doubtlessly the editing, composing and inking persons sprang tears of joy when the so little birthlet was transported warm from the press to their arms. Would he survive to adultage, or suffer a speedish defunction like so numerous 1-st borns ? But O no, he gathered from strength to strength so that very soonly everybody who did not wish to be nobody, read him or became obsolete. Also he succeeded to speedishly achieve very famous and reverend names to make contributings, till at lastly he had so numerous lucky fortunes to acquire—but I are very shyish person and cannot learn to pipe my own horn, but only to blush very crimsonly.

In not so very long, we discover to find Hon. Bystander at the top of the tree, where he now continues to remain because of his so numerous and delicious contributings, pictorial and compositorial, which can be imitate but non-equalled. How sweetish it are, Hon. Sir, to feel we so gloriously have assisted to accomplish this 21-rd number, with some modicums of help from other persons whom I shall spare their blushes to name. O yes, we have very broad minds and other non-theological perfections and do not seek to despise with scorn humble persons with more non-gifts than ourselves, but bandy congratules and drinks all round.

"Permit, Mr. Y. Hama, I should thank you for these so kind words and for coupling with yourself my so non-worthy and smallish efforts," you deplore ?

Kindly do not in the least to mention it, I response. It are true that 1, or perhapsly 2 or 3, enormously gifted persons have achieved to make Hon. Bystander what he are, but just as a ship cannot oceanically travel without a man to turn a wheel, so Hon. Bystander could not succeed to publish without an Editor to make all right the spellings and put the requisite punctures in our sentences. O no, Hon. Sir, I cannot suffer you should completely put your head in a bushel or other non-transparent enclosure.

Perhapsly you wonder yourself why I make so great commentings on this 21-th birthday. In Japan we are learnt

(Continued on page 494)

"At the top of the tree"

WHAT IS IRIDESCENCE ?

It is neither gloom nor glitter, dulness nor brilliance, but a happy medium somewhere in between, a sort of hide and seek of shade and shine whose name is iridescence. Orientals have it, Téclas have it—and that is all !

PARIS
10, Rue de la Paix

Técla
7, Old Bond Street, London

NEW-YORK
398, Fifth Avenue

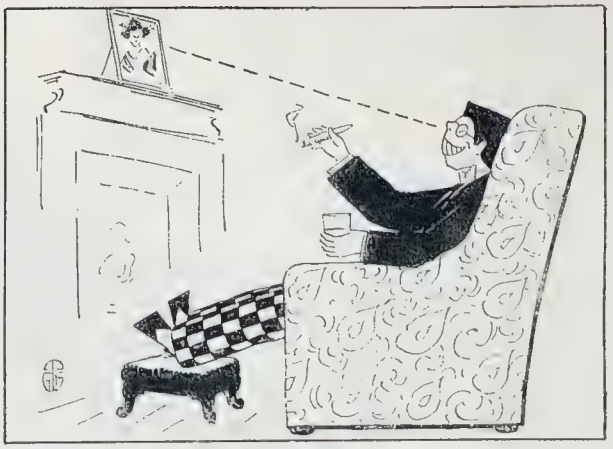
very strenuously to reverence our ancestors, even if Chinese, from our earliest ages. For if we have not succeeded to achieve ancestors, we do not find ourselves here at all, but completely non-born, and therefore *non est*. We very assiduously honour our parentals who have been so good to produce us, also to speak them with much respectability and not, as Anglo infantines, depict them names like as "old bird" or "old sport," which causes them to feel so youngish and non-reverend, they do not long to die, but to live for ever, very especially the in-laws whose healths do not seem to ever falter.

Also we do not endeavour to non-remember that some day we shall

"To reverence our ancestors"

succeed to become Hon. ancestors and shall hope to acquire worships from our legitimate offsprings who will deposit us nose and other floral gays on our tombs when defunct, which are a very delicious thought to think and should make us feel very happy and gay. When they shall depict on my memoranda "Yogo Hama, Gone but not Forgiven," how sweetish it shall feel to know that my descenders are leaping me with blossoms for good blessings and other celestial assets.

But I cannot be merry and mirthish completely all the time, so permit I should indulge myself a few soft and saddish thoughts. So I recline myself in a chair and groan 7 or 11 deepish sighs to impicture myself when I was 21. In those youthish days, when I was so green and pure, I did not consider to myself I should grow to become very sophisticate with carnal joys like sportings and big-eating dinners. Also I could not write in so complete perfections the Anglo tongue, which I have consumed gallons of midnight and other oils to achieve. Alasly, how melancholic it are that 1-ce we lose our infantile virtues, we cannot ever suffice to recover him any more, but must continue to conglomerate worldly pleasures. Howeverly, let us strain to forget these lost innocents which I do not greatly think we should pay much cashes to recover. Come, I have achieved a specially prepared afflatus which, Hon. Sir, I permit you to imprint as a birthday supplement as now follows vizly:



"When I was 21"

Let us ejacule 3 cheers and sing hip-hooray,
For the Bystander are 21 annums to-day,
Come fill up your tankards with sherry and port,
And swig to the health of this jolly young sport.

Yes indeedly, Hon. Sir, it are great consolings to think by our so extremely ardeous and strenful toils night and daily, we have succeeded to make Hon. Bystander the so premier journal he has achieved to become.

Thanking you, Hon. Sir, for your so illustrious supports, also hoping your good healths continue non-impeached,

I remain,

Yogo Hama

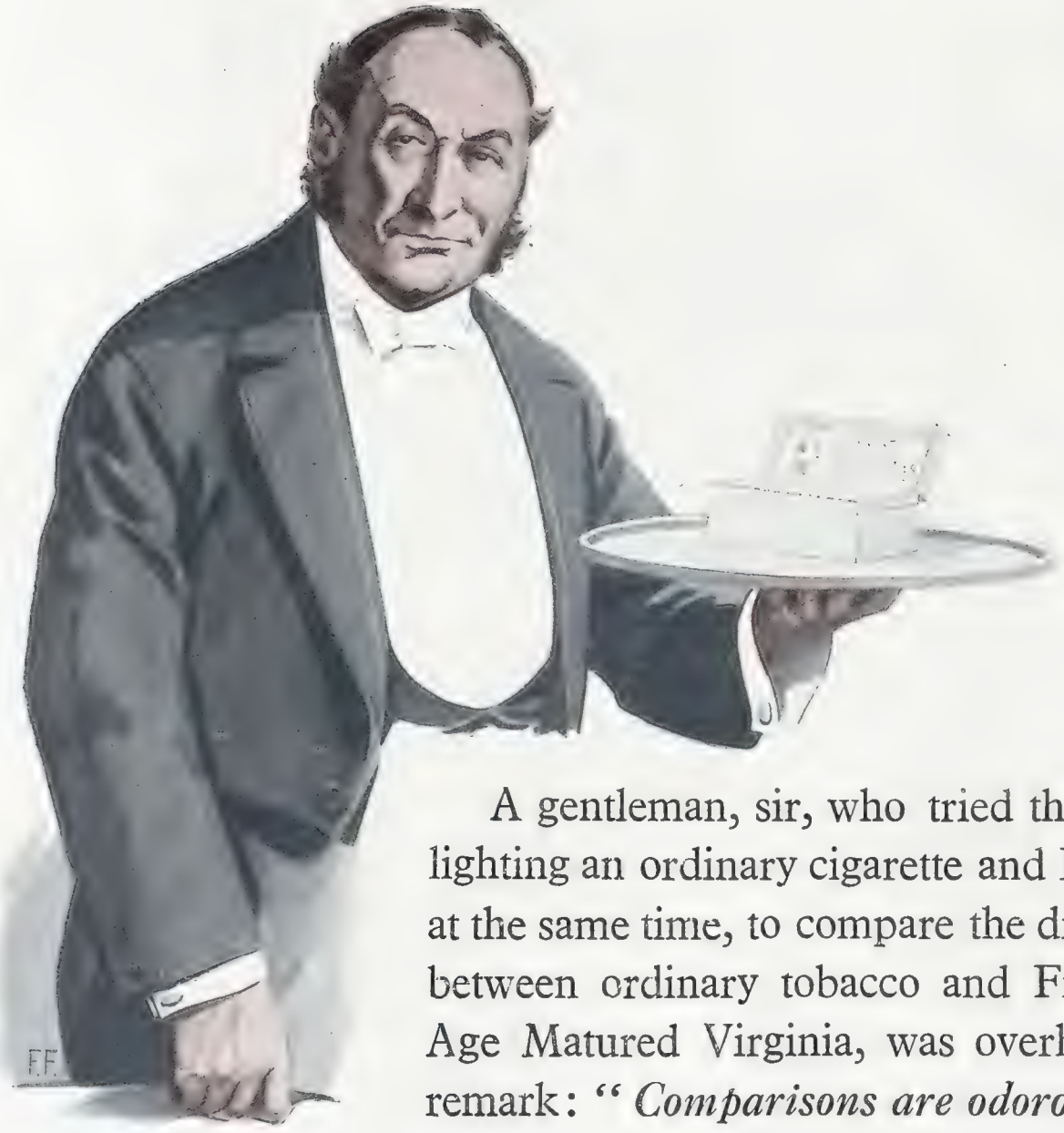
Maull and Fox

A PETTING PARTY

Miss Doris Bransgrove, one of the Punch Bowlers in the revue at the Duke of York's, with what are usually described as "and friends"

MANUFACTURED OF OLD
MATURED VIRGINIA LEAF
BLENDED TO PERFECTION.
WATERMARKED
PURE RIBBED RICE
PAPER AND
AIRTIGHT
PACKING
ALL SIZES

The Firm of Three Centuries. CAVANDER'S, LIMITED Established 1775.



A gentleman, sir, who tried the test of lighting an ordinary cigarette and Kensitas at the same time, to compare the difference between ordinary tobacco and Fine Old Age Matured Virginia, was overheard to remark: "*Comparisons are odorous!*"

Jenkyn

Rare, golden Virginia leaf at its choicest and primest—

Blending as skilful, manufacture as careful as this fine tobacco merits—

Packing—by hand, instead of machinery—worthy of both leaf and blend—

These are some of the reasons for the unique qualities of Kensitas.

Kensitas

the preferred cigarette

20 *for* **1/-**

50 *for* **2/6** **100** *for* **4/10**

Manufacturers:
J. WIX & SONS · LTD. · 174-5-6 Piccadilly · London · W.1

To tell our age (just twenty-one)
To Blanchette proved a joyous task.
For her age, though, when we had done
We were too nice to ask.

It Ain't Gonna Rain No More

By Blanchette Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *November* 10

DEAR COUSIN—

IT ain't gonna rain no more—I'm perfectly certain sure of it. Now we've all pulled ourselves together and collected our thoughts, so to speak, who could ever even begin to doubt it, what? All for the best in the best of all possible worlds, and the millennium just staring you right starkly in the face, as you might say. . . .

Quelle vie and also (if I may be allowed to translate it into the mere British vernacular) what a life!

"Nov. 11.—Poppy decorations"

Almost a sort of embarrassment of riches therein, 'tween you and me, these bumpingly prosperous days for all of us of the true cause, what? And likewise for all of the others, seemingly, whether they like it or not.

TRADE boom coming next year, I'm told, the biggest we've ever seen, and even tho' Wembley's dead for the moment, the Lucullus they say's coming on to the Royal Palace, and also, oh yes, in case I forget, and far more important than any of 'em—this is also a perfectly good birthday for THE BYSTANDER to boot. And what's more, a twenty-firster. As Dorothy Dickson sings in that nice new musical comedy, *Patricia*, at His Majesty's—

> Watch her, she's twenty-one—
> Watch her, there'll be some fun . . .

HOW perfectly marv'llous they do seem, the changes that have happened in just a mere twenty-one years. And especially and above all in the matter of *our* clothes then and now. Whereof we're being reminded nightly, by the way, in Mr. Galsworthy's *Old English* at the Haymarket, which is s'posed to be 1905, I b'lieve, but that's as near as no matter, as they say.

AND oh, the perf'ctly awful great bulgy sleeves of the period, and the wide trailing skirts that picked up all the germs around, and masses of 'orrible "trimming" and puffed out hair and unspeakable hats. . . . 'Course some people say it's just 'cos fashion's changed we call the old ones hideous, but I don't b'lieve it. Compare all these stuffy bumps and lumps with our own sweet simple straight lines of to-day, when we aren't ashamed of being just ourselves. And if you look at pictures of the old Empire frocks *they* don't seem anything like so bad—it's just that fatal late-Victorian period I think, that went on leaving its horrid trail over everything till we suddenly switched off into the right path just before the War.

WHICH reminds me—not that we really need any reminding, do we?—it's Armistice Day to-morrow, that date never to be forgotten in *our* memories anyway, any more than the August one that started the whole glorious and oh so shudderingly terrible history of those four years. It *was*

"Six years ago our men were still in the trenches"

"Watch her, she's twenty-one"

glorious—don't let's ever lose hold of that, whatever happens. Glory was all our most gallant men got from it, but don't let's be *too* bitter about it, though can quite sympathise with the writer of a memorial notice I saw in the *Times* the other day, to some of those "whose lives were sacrificed in the Great War."

THEIR lives *were* thrown away, we know now, alas! many of them—cruel and useless sacrifices they were, made by ancient and doddering Generals who knew less about modern war than the youngest fighting Terrier . . . and got G.C.B.'s and big Home Commands for it, too. But, after all, that isn't the main idea, is it? There's rather a nice A. and M. hymn that says—

> Whatever, Lord, we give to Thee,
> Repaid a thousandfold will be.
> *Then gladly, Lord, we give to Thee. . . .*

Which I 'member one of the very best Vicars I ever met 'scribing to me as 'bout the most materialistic bit of philosophy he'd ever come across. But our men didn't fight on *those* lines, did they?

ALL the same, this Poppy Day, when there'll be poppy decorations on all the restaurant tables where we lunch and dine and dance, worth just

giving a thought, p'raps, to that original "Poppies" poem that started the whole idea.

> If ye break faith with us who die
> We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
> In Flanders fields.

Have we kept faith with these men of ours who six years ago to-day were still standing in those trenches of agony and tragedy much worse than death? How many of them are still unemployed, starving, struggling, or hopeless invalids in hospitals with no one to go and see 'em now the War's gone so out of fashion . . . . now that it is perhaps just the *teeniest* bit *démodé* to remember?

ASK Lord Haig, for one—the only one of our big war commanders who seems to have, like us mere common folk, remembered. And wouldn't it be rather a good celebration and push-off after the most wonderful peace victory on record if the new Gov'ment were to start off by fixing up—not rewards or G.C.B.'s or anything, but just a decent living for the men who helped to win that also rather wonderful war victory of six years ago? Would be quite a nice sort of celebration of THE BYSTANDER's own twenty-firster, too, what?

"Ex-M.P.'s out of work"

HOW awf'ly sweet, by the way, it is to meet some of those perfectly good new M.P.'s that've just arrived, 'specially some of the young ones—and I b'lieve they're quite the youngest crowd yet, running from twenty-one or so upwards. So pleased with 'emselves and the world they are (and quite rightly, no doubt), only I can't help feeling it's rather a shame you can't always tell at first sight who and what they are. Wouldn't it be 'nother rather good idea to give 'em uniforms of sorts (the R.A.F. people, I b'lieve, are rather good at designing 'em), so's there shouldn't ever be any mistake? But can't help feeling sorry, all the same, for all the poor old ex-ones that're out of work—not to mention that little £400 a year that doesn't really count, of course, but comes in uncommonly handy for the extras. Still so semi-political, we are, by the way, that we even "vote" at cabarets, like the Piccadilly, for the turns we like best.

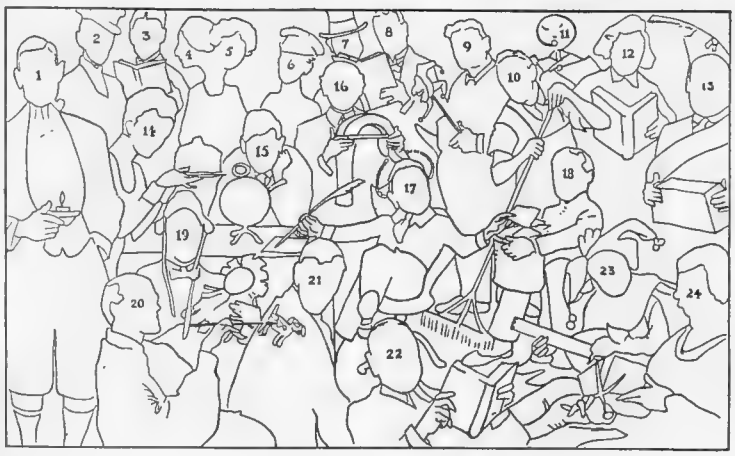
HUNT balls starting this week already, by the way—can you believe it? So autumn, not to say winter's, obviously and definitely arrived. But, oh! the woods—I've never seen anything so lovely, with the last little golden leaves just fluttering down one by one, like little slim ghosts from on high.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

COUPON

Ourselves! Ten Guineas if you can Identify Us



HERE is the key-plan of our centre-page, and also a list of the regular contributors and members of our staff who appear therein—twenty-four in number. All you have to do is to place against each name in the list the number that you think represents that person in the original picture. *There is a clue to each one's identity in the drawing.* Cut out the whole Coupon and send it to—

BIRTHDAY COMPETITION,
THE BYSTANDER, TALLIS HOUSE, E.C. 4.

All solutions must be received not later than the first post, December 12, 1924. The first correct solution opened (or the one most nearly correct) will receive the prize. The Editor's decision is final.

THE LIST OF THE CARICATURED	Corresponding Number.
BYSTANDER COMMENTS	.....
"BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY"	.....
MOTLEY MUSINGS	.....
"EMILIA"	.....
MR. E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT	.....
MR. BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS ...	.....
MR. A. A. THOMSON	.....
"JINGLE"	.....
HUNTING NOTES	.....
THE EDITOR	.....
MRS. JACK MAY	.....
"CANDIDA"	.....
MOTOR NOTES	.....
THE CHIEF SUB-EDITOR	.....
BYSTANDER AMONG BOOKS	.....
YOGO HAMA	.....
THE ART EDITOR	.....
"RENÉ"	.....
MRS. M. VINCE	.....
MR. A. E. MANNING FOSTER	.....
"CARBINE"	.....
THE OFFICE BOY	.....
"BLANCHETTE"	.....
"THE KENNELMAN"	.....

The London Shoe Company rely upon a stock more varied and exhaustive than any other in London

THE qualities which give style to shoes are seldom very marked. Minute variations in proportion, the fit at ankle and instep, and the placing of the straps determine the grace and comfort of a shoe. For this reason the characteristics that distinguish a smart modish shoe from a commonplace one cannot be successfully conveyed by illustration. Those below merely indicate a few of many smart and popular models which we have in your style and individual fitting.

HB 1809
35/-

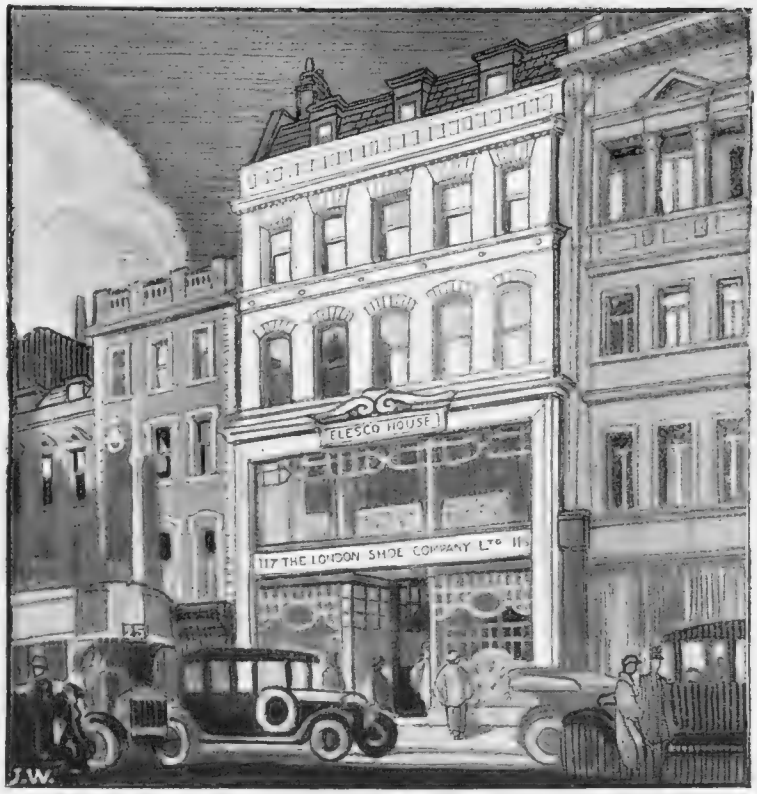
The 'Cleopatra' Shoe. In black satin with the new round toe. Smart Louis XV. heel.

HB 2191
50/-

The newest design in court shape. Made in silver or gold brocade, trimmed with kid to tone. Louis XV. heel.

HB 2107
58/6

The 'Wembley' Shoe. A dainty new design in silver or gold brocade, trimmed with kid to tone.



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At our Bond Street, Sloane Street, and Regent Street Salons we specialise in finding the comfortable, right-looking fit for each individual customer. Our assistants are specially trained with this in view, and they rely on a stock more varied and exhaustive than any in London. If you have not yet purchased from the London Shoe Company come to us for your next pair of shoes. You will be as pleased with the expert and courteous service you find, as with the style, quality and variety of our shoes.

Special Dyeing Facilities.

We are always ready to dye the fabric shoes you select to any desired shade and do so within twenty-four hours. This allows you to choose safely for style and fitting, knowing that you can have the shoe that suits you in any shade you desire. At the same time, for a merely nominal sum, if you wish, we dye your stockings to match your shoes.

H.M. The Queen of Roumania made a selection of the latest styles from among the models shown on this page. They are not only smart and graceful styles, but are authoritatively correct for this Autumn's wear. Miss Madge Titheradge, who favours a pointed toe, was particularly pleased with Model H. 2107.

HB 1806
35/-

A charming black satin strap shoe, elegantly trimmed with gold kid. With Louis XV. heel.

HB 1888
35/-

Very neat satin one bar shoe. Made from first quality satin in black or white. Medium Louis XV. heel.

HB 2187
35/-

A white and silver brocade court shoe which can be dyed to match any colour, also in gold and steel or brown and gold brocade.

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L S C

RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

The King's Trainer

Now that he has decided to retire into private life Mr. Richard Marsh will take with him the good wishes of the entire racing community. I know of no man in his profession who is more widely respected. He has not done so well for King George as he did for the late Sovereign, but that is simply because the horses bred at Sandringham have not been up to their former standard. Marsh's greatest achievement was to win the Derby no fewer than four times, but nearly all the other great events of the Turf have fallen to him at one time or another, and he possesses a record to be proud of. It will be a wrench for him to leave Egerton House, where he has passed the last quarter of a century of his life. I met Major Fetherstonhaugh, the manager of the King's horses, at Liverpool last week, and he said nothing had been definitely settled as to Marsh's successor. Gossip is busy with the names of several trainers. Captain Boyd-Rochfort, Coll Leader, and Sam Darling were all spoken of last week in this connection.

Since this page of course is devoted to horses
Here's a good tip—no "also runs."
THE BYSTANDER takes the Majority Stakes
A winner at "twenty-ones."

By "The Tout"

"DICK" MARSH

His Majesty's trainer, and one of the most popular figures on the Turf, whose retirement was announced last week

At Aintree

We had quaint contrasts of weather at Aintree. The first day was delightful; and the light was so good that you could follow every incident of the racing. Then fog came down and blotted out the land, with the result that the second day of the meeting was a blank. Up to that point we had enjoyed interesting sport. The Knowsley Nursery was a particularly attractive affair, largely owing to the presence of Brighter London, who came from Ireland with the reputation of being about the best of his age in that country. He failed by a neck to beat Silent Guard, whose success made amends for his distinctly unlucky failure at Newmarket. The Manton people brought off quite a coup with Pilum, and were very pleased with his starting price. He scored in a common canter, but Jazz Band ran well enough for a long way to suggest that he will have to be reckoned with in the Manchester November Handicap. My present fancy for that race is Daimyo.

Derby Cup

There is a fairly good acceptance for the Derby Cup on Friday, and it seems to me that an excellent chance here is possessed by **Spindrift**, in spite of her 7 lb. penalty. Her owner is also represented by Highbrow. In the absence of the Stanley House filly my selection will be Labadens, who scored with consummate ease at Newbury recently, and will be well suited by the course. The Markeaton Plate on Wednesday may be won by **Bachelor's Fort**, and the Chesterfield Nursery by **Little Mark**. On Thursday **Sweet Rocket** may take the Osmaston Nursery.

At Hurst Park

Great interest will attach to the two sweepstakes to be contested at Hurst Park on Saturday. The three-year-old race looks like affording a great race between Straitlace and St. Germans. It is doubtful which of the two will be favourite. The filly, who runs here for the last time, is immensely popular with the public, and deservedly so. But St. Germans is in smashing form, and at Manton they believe him to be the best three-year-old in England. I shall, however, give **Straitlace** my vote. Saucy Sue is not expected to turn out in the two-year-old race, but I hope that Zionist, Diomedes, and Priory Park will be among the competitors. Each of these has not yet known defeat. If the distance were five furlongs I should go for Diomedes, but as the journey will call for good stamina I shall declare for **Zionist**, who is bred to stay.

HUNTING NOTES . . . By A. W. Coaten

In the Shires

The worst of luck has befallen a number of the Midland packs in the enforced abandonment of sport at a time when the opening month of the season should be in full swing. Goodness knows when the "all clear" will again be sounded in Leicestershire, Northamptonshire and Derbyshire. Much depends upon whether the present restrictions are enforced throughout the season. Hunting people are hopeful that the authorities will find it possible to abandon the fifteen-mile radius, and substitute for it a zone of only one-third of that area. It is suggested that the smaller radius would be welcomed as much by the farmers as by followers of hounds. A small area would, at all events, enable the authorities to exercise stricter control over the disease than is possible at present. One effect of the stoppage in the Shires will be to cause people to migrate to other countries for their hunting, but there are signs that the overflow will not be welcome in some districts. For instance, the Whaddon Chase Hunt has issued a notice that capping will be suspended in that country until further notice. This means that only regular subscribers, farmers, and landowners will be eligible for hunting in the Vale of Aylesbury.

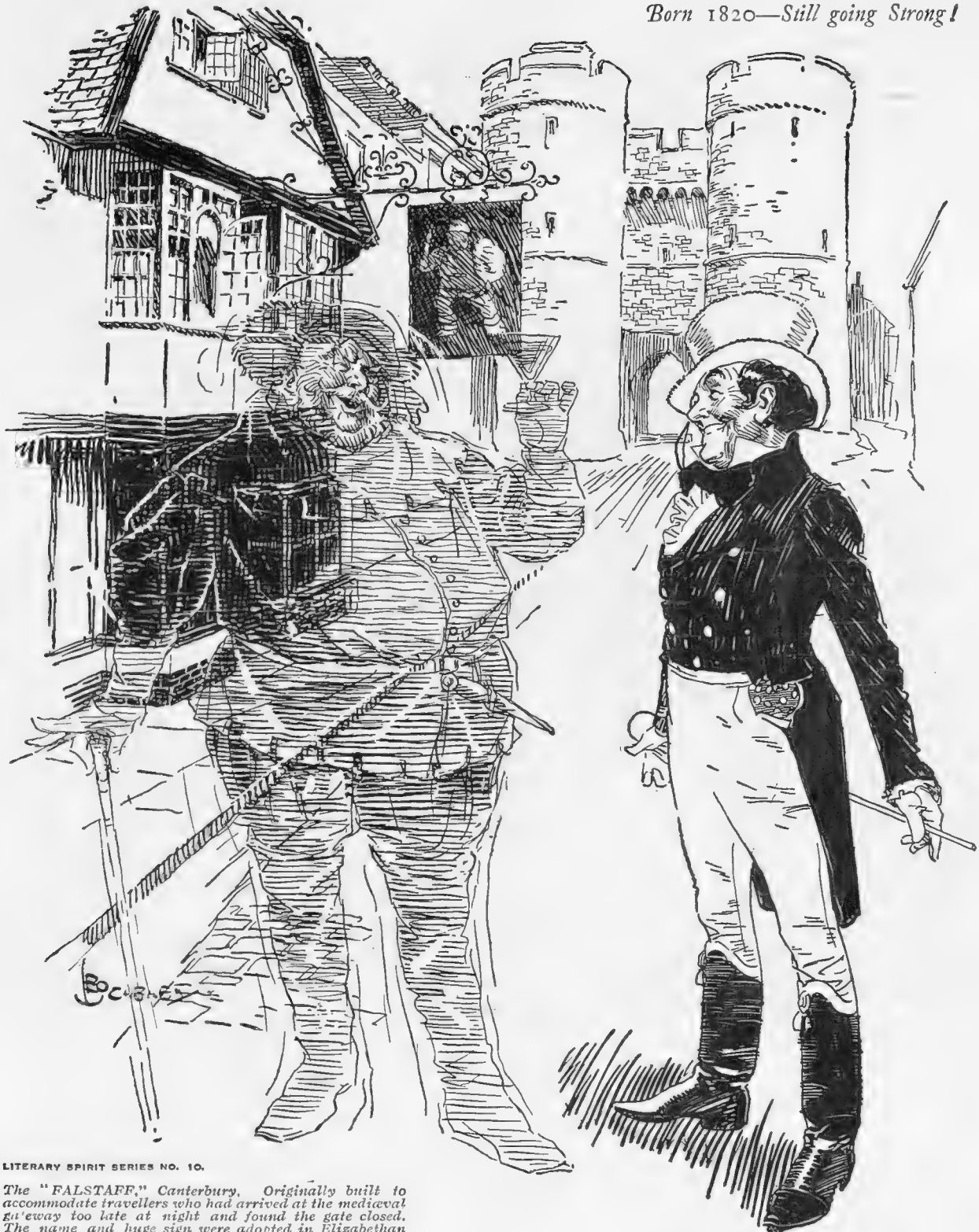
The Fox Supply

During the prolonged spell of cattle disease last winter it became a grave question in some countries as to how foxes should be kept down. The same emergency looks like arising in certain districts this season. The procedure adopted in at least one Hunt was as follows: As soon as hunting was stopped the farmers were requested to allow the Hunt to be responsible for keeping foxes down. It was promised that the stock should not be allowed to exceed the numbers of normal times. Farmers were invited to inform the M.F.H. of any instance of undue damage by foxes. When this was done, the hunt servants were sent on the following day to dig out the offending earth. In this way the goodwill of the farmers was retained, and there was an adequate supply of cubs all over the country when the pack began their operations this season. Indeed, one of the happiest features of the cattle trouble is that there is no shortage of hunting material in the countries in which sport was stopped last season. The agricultural community has shown much sympathy for hunting in its predicament.

Badminton

A successful start was made in the Badminton country last week. Sport was not extraordinarily good—it seldom is in the opening week of the season—but there was plenty of riding for their followers on most days. At present horses are not at their fittest, and they had as much galloping as most people wanted in the heavy going. Lord Worcester did very well with the bitch pack from Hinton, one brisk gallop of forty minutes being followed by another lasting an hour. There are plenty of foxes in the Dyrham district; in fact, at one time there was an embarrassment of riches, with the result that sport was spoilt. Lord Worcester has fairly established his reputation as one of the most capable amateur huntsmen of the period. At the same age his father was equally good, and it is pleasant to see family talent handed down in this fashion. The Duke can no longer ride to hounds, but it is a joy to him to know that his son fills his place so efficiently.

Born 1820—Still going Strong!



LITERARY SPIRIT SERIES NO. 10.

The "FALSTAFF," Canterbury. Originally built to accommodate travellers who had arrived at the mediæval gateway too late at night and found the gate closed. The name and huge sign were adopted in Elizabethan days when widely popularized by Shakespeare's plays.

Johnnie Walker: "We have no city gates nowadays, but the law shuts the houses of refreshment at a set hour."

Shade of Falstaff: "They did these things better in my day."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

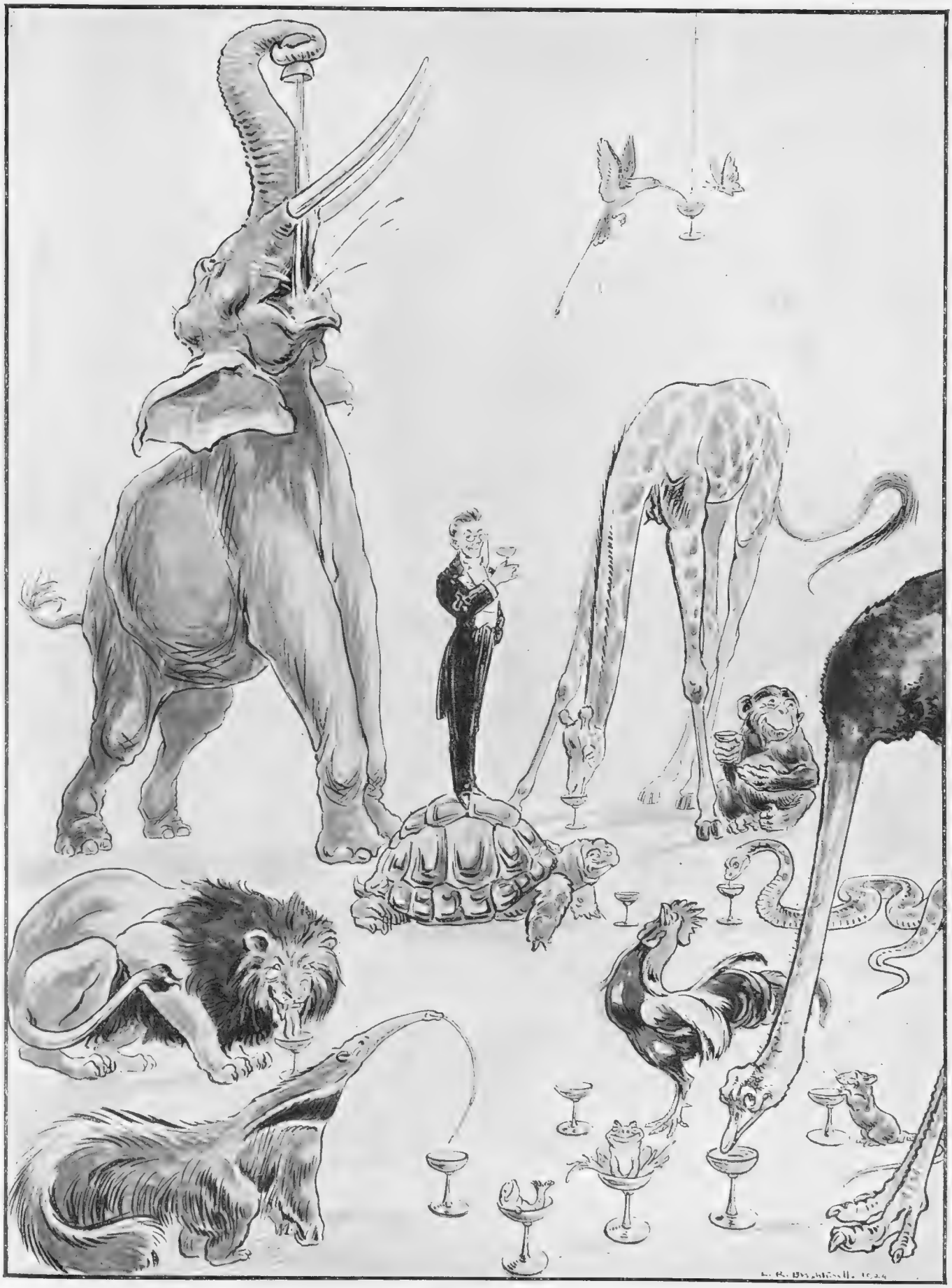
Dewar's

THE SPIRIT OF POWER

Power is the very life's blood of progress. For behind its sure shield happiness, science and art can alone develop. Power gives mankind a chance to show its best and so does . . . . . .

DEWAR'S

"A Fellow Feeling Makes Us Wondrous Kind"



BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

The artist and his "wondrous kind" drink to THE BYSTANDER'S health . . . each according to his own manner, but each with the same sentiments

Motley Musings

Come, all of you, put on your Motley, we pray,
And let every hour be A-Musing and gay
Shouting "Hip-awfully-rah" and "Hu-fear-fully-ray"
It's THE BYSTANDER'S twenty-first birthday to-day.

OUR NOBLE SELVES
(*November* 12, 1924)

"TOWERING in the confidence of twenty-one."—S. JOHNSON.

"We have high doings to-day."—COLLEY CIBBER.

"The gods to-day stand friendly."—*Julius Cæsar.*

"May more such days as these to us befall!"—*Henry VI.*

"The day for whose returns, and many, all these pray, and so do I."—BEN JONSON.

. . . . .

IT is rumoured that certain Socialist constituencies intend to sue their Members for breach of promises.

. . . . .

THE latter still maintain that they alone know how to give work to their supporters. But we thought that work was the curse of the drinking classes.

. . . .

"WHAT'S Russia coming to?" was a recent headline in a contemporary. Not to England, we trust.

. . . .

WE read that anti-vaccinators are busy again in Gloucester. Though not in sympathy with them, we believe they are deeply to be pitted.

. . . .

FROM a workman's notebook:
Wife lost—Much lost.
Money lost—More lost.
Selections for the 1.30, 2.30, *and* 3.30—*All lost!*

. . . .

A BIGAMIST has just been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. It seems to us that he must already have been punished twice for the same offence!

THE GOLDEN AGE

1

Twice only has man
Since this old world began
Been free from all worry and strife:
When the whole earth was fair,
And he hadn't a care,
And could do what he liked with his life.
The feminine sex
Didn't trouble or vex,
For he hadn't to pay for their clothes;
If he stayed out till late,
Neither Mary nor Kate
Gave him beans when he sought his repose.

2

He wasn't dragged out
To a dance or a bout
Of Mah-Jongg by some flappers he knew;
He hadn't a wife
As the plague of his life,
Who would kick up a hullaballoo.
When this Golden Age was,
I will tell you because
It is hard to be kept in the dark—
'Twas when Adam was shut
Up alone in his hut,
And when Noah came out of the Ark!

. . . . .

"MUMMY, has Aunt Betty got a little baby?"

"Yes, dear."

"Has Aunt May?"

"No, she has a little dog instead."

"Oh, I suppose *she* had first pick!"

A LONDON journal has just asked its readers to give the authors of various abstruse quotations. The following are not abstruse, but who of our readers know who wrote:

(a) "God Save the King."
(*b*) "Rule, Britannia!"
(*c*) "Home, Sweet Home."

. . . . .

WE all know who wrote Trotsky's "Good-Bye."

. . . . .

BUT we are quite unable to trace the author of—

In a cottage in the country,
Dwell her honoured parents yet;
They drinks the champagne what she sends 'em,
But they never can forget!

. . . . .

"THREE weeks," said a magistrate the other day to a drunken motorist. Terseness is, of course, a virtue, but there are times when long sentences are more admirable.

. . . . .

TO-DAY'S imperishable reflection:
What is the use of your patent shoes
When you find that the patent's expired?

. . . . .

THE musical conductor had occasion to rebuke a second-violin player. "If you're not very careful," remarked the latter, viciously, "I'll follow your beat!"

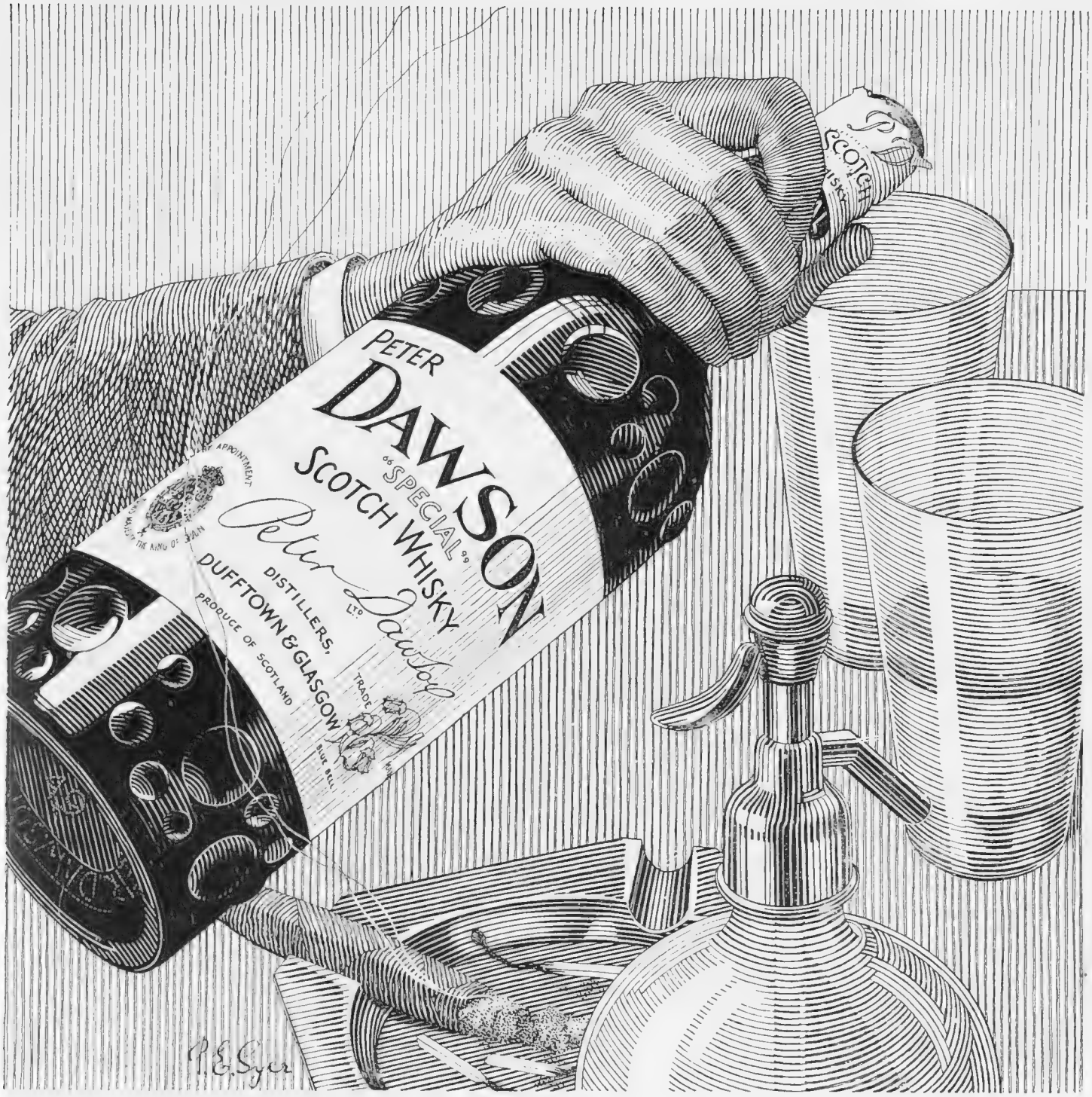
. . . . .

OUR Bolshies seem to have an antipathy to cold water. There's a lot to be said for Prohibition!

HARTLEY CARRICK

NOT IN A MINOR KEY
A coming-of-age tragedy without words

BY J. A. BEALE



THE greatest qualities of men and things do frequently surpass our definition. But they are none the less unmistakable. The rare excellence of Peter Dawson Whisky (guaranteed pre-war quality) is not to be crystallised in words, but the wide acceptance of Peter Dawson among connoisseurs is ample evidence of its existence. Drink and know the excellence that is beyond definition.

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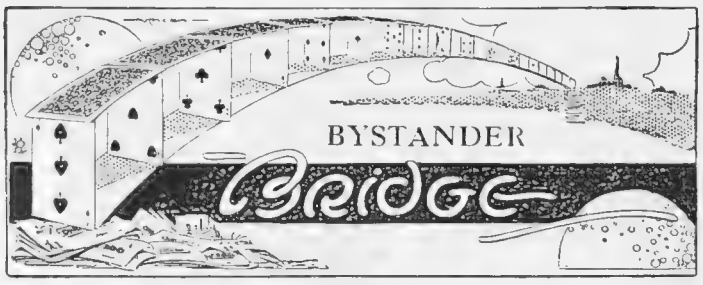


When playing at Auction good players all talk shun
For gabble can ruin one's play.
But now it's no matter how loudly we chatter,
VINGT-ET-UN is our hobby to-day.

BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

MINOR FRAUDS AT CARDS

Who takes the pencils from the card-room? Who gnaws the pencils? At every club I hear the same thing. At the end of each sitting some pencils are missing, and a certain number have been well bitten at the ends and have to be replaced. An absent-minded man might put a pencil in his pocket once in a while and forget all about it. I did it once and had a guilty conscience until I had restored it. Morning after morning I saw that pencil confronting me on the dressing-table. "I will take it back to-day," I said. But several days passed before I remembered to do so. At billiards I have a bad habit of putting the chalk in my pocket. Recently I restored six pieces of chalk to the club. But can absent-mindedness alone account for the disappearance of so many pencils, or are there members who stock themselves from the card-rooms? I wonder . . .

We know there are men who take club note-paper and matches, even the soap and pumice-stone, who mutilate the newspapers to save a penny or two, and cigar-cutters have been known to disappear. What a funny world it is!

. . . . . .

At Bridge there are all sorts of minor frauds perpetrated of which no one takes any notice. We all know players who deal or hold their cards so that it is impossible to avoid seeing them. You may tell them again and again of it, but still they continue to do it. Can one avoid profiting by their carelessness?

Numerous players don't even try to do so. They argue that if a man is careless it is his look-out.

Again, it may happen that your adversary, through carelessness, or by holding his cards too near the light and so rendering them transparent, shows his hand. Are you bound to tell him of it? And there are others who arrange their cards so awkwardly into suits that by looking at the backs of them you can tell during play how many they have of each suit.

. . . . . .

Then there is the "peeper," who was said in the old whist days to play "triple dummy" and who made most wonderfully successful finesses. Cavendish tells of two "triple dummy" players who cut as partners against an unsuspecting youth and an old warrior. The triple dummy partners had had a lengthy inspection of the youth's hand when the old warrior rather astonished them by saying: "Partner, you had better show me your hand as both the adversaries have seen it."

I am persuaded that there are certain players who can no more resist having a "peep" when opportunity offers, than a kleptomaniac can help stealing. In most instances it is not a matter of money. Some of the worst "peepers" are rich men and women. It is a case of a "kink." One can't even refuse to play with them. The only way is to hold your cards in such a position that no "peeper" has a chance of seeing them. I know a player who, when playing against a certain notorious offender, does not arrange his hand into suits, but puts a few small cards in the corner of his hand for the "peeper" to see in order to puzzle him!

. . . . . .

Some players endeavour to depict on their countenances the reverse of their real feeling. If they have a good hand they pretend to be dissatisfied and frown. They make their bids in an uncertain, hesitating fashion. I saw an example of this at a cock-and-hen Club one day. A player had ten top Spades in his hand and another Ace outside. He sighed and hesitated for a long time, and at last in a dubious tone, said "one Spade."

Several rounds of bidding were made, as Hearts were held strongly against him. At each fresh bid he paused and sorted through his hand again carefully, until, finally, he called "five Spades" and got the double for which he had all along been angling. Personally I should not care to cut in with that player. You may say that no one has any business to be affected by mannerisms and facial expressions. But while some forms of bluff in bidding and in play are quite permissible I do not consider that this kind of thing is. Intentional hesitation either in bidding or in play of a card is unfair. There are slow thinkers and slow players who cannot help taking a long time. But, undoubtedly, there are some players who hesitate for the purpose of deceiving or conveying information.

The player who pauses unduly when it is his turn to bid, and finally says "No bid," is proclaiming that he has not a worthless hand. Then there is the player who, when the declarer is obviously likely to take a finesse in dummy, hesitates before playing in order to make the declarer think that he holds the cards to be finessed against.

. . . . . .

Another little trick I have noticed sometimes, is for the declarer, after a card has been led and he has played from dummy, to draw the cards towards him before third hand has played, as if he was bound to win the trick. I have known this little dodge—for it is nothing else—deceive weak players and lead them to change the suit. This actually occurred—B had called a Spade, holding five to the Ace, King, and Z had called a No-Trumper, holding only Q, J, 9 in Spades—a single guard. A had two Spades, the 7 and 3. He opened the 7. Z played a small one from dummy, drew the cards towards him and held the Jack in his hand and played it almost simultaneously with B's card and collected the trick. Later A got in, but did not lead a second Spade, which cost A, B the game. Asked by B why on earth he had not continued the Spades, A replied, "Well, from the way Z played, I thought you must have called King high, and that Z held the Ace, Queen over you." Of course, A was wrong to make any such deductions. B was bound to underplay the first trick as he knew Z had a guard in the suit. All the same I am quite convinced that Z had tried deliberately to convey a wrong impression.

Bystander Four Weeks' Competition, No. VI

Second Week

This Competition started last week. The rules were omitted owing to lack of space.

First Prize	£10
Second Prize	£5
Third Prize	£3

And three Prizes of Bystander Bridge Sets, value one guinea each. Prizes as above will be allotted to the competitors who obtain the highest number of marks. My decision is final, and no correspondence can be entered into on the Competition. No competitor can send in more than one solution. Pseudonyms may be used, but full name and address must be given. To avoid taking up valuable space these rules will not be repeated each week.

Competitors should keep their solutions, and not send them in until the closing date, which will be announced in the fourth week.

Problem No. 2

Score: Y, Z love. A, B game and 9. Z deals and bids "one Heart"; A "one Spade"; Y "two Hearts"; B "two Spades." B holds—

S—J, 10, 9. H—A, K, 9, 3. D—9, 2. C—K, Q, 10, 9.

B is now able to place from the bidding all the high cards in the other hands. Can you do the same, and state what Z, A, and Y hold, giving reasons for your deductions?

Some Titles are Bought. Some ('tis said) take the Biscuit . . .

We are GIVING AWAY

TEN GUINEAS FOR ONE

See page iii of cover

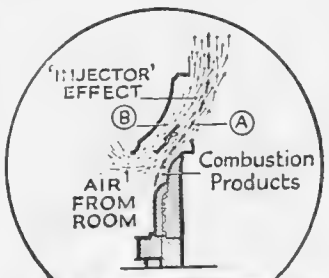
Radiation Gas Grates *A Study by GORDON NICOLL*

HOWEVER cold or wet it is outdoors, you get cheery, genial warmth in the Entrance Hall when it is heated with a Radiation Gas Grate. The atmosphere never becomes vitiated or heavy where a Radiation Gas Grate is alight.

Thorough healthy ventilation is assured by the patent "Injector-Ventilator," a feature that only Radiation Gas Grates possess.

Instal a Radiation Gas Grate, and get instant cheery warmth with perfect ventilation.

The Radiation Gas Grates have two openings under the canopy leading to the flue. The lower or "Injector" opening (A) carries away the entire combustion products, and the upper or "Ventilating" opening (B) carries away a large volume of air drawn from the room. The ascending current through the lower outlet promotes by Injector-action the ventilating function in the outlet above; the result is that while pure radiant heat is distributed throughout the room, the air of the room is changed a sufficient number of times to ensure an agreeable and healthy atmosphere being maintained.



Radiation
'INJECTOR VENTILATOR' GAS GRATES

SEND FOR FREE DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET

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When you buy a Gas Grate, look for the name of one of the following six firms which constitute RADIATION LTD., the largest manufacturers of Gas Appliances in the World.

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THE DAVIS GAS STOVE CO. Ltd. - - -	60 Oxford Street, W.1
FLETCHER, RUSSELL & CO. Ltd. - -	4 Berners Street, W.1
THE RICHMOND GAS STOVE & METER CO. Ltd.	164 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4
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BUCHANAN'S

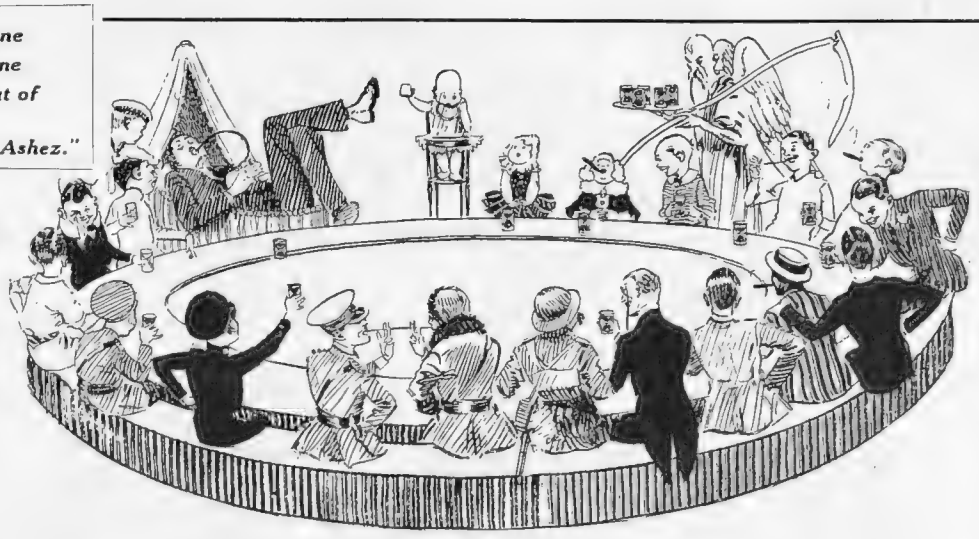
"BLACK & WHITE"

"BLACK & WHITE" is unequalled for mellowed softness and delicate bouquet, which only a blend of age-matured whiskies can give.

The holding of the Largest Stocks of Matured Scotch Whiskies assures a commanding position and guarantees a maintenance of Age and Quality.

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., 26, Holborn, London, E.C.1.

In a question of "Time" we've already done
A sentence that numbers in years twenty-one
And in spite of the fact that the "cat" out of
"fash-"is
We now must endure the onslaught of "L'Ashez."



ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME

BY BERTRAM L'ASHEZ

Illustrated by HOWARD K. ELCOCK

THE Twenty One Bystander Birthdays sat convivially round the big time table at Eternity Inn, talking over old times as is the custom of Years whenever an anniversary presents itself. In the chair—a very high nursery one with a secure tray frame in front to prevent him from falling out—sat the First Birthday, a chubby infant with prim little starched petticoats framing his dimpled knees. He had been given the place of honour by right of seniority, for, though only a year old in appearance and manner, he was really twenty-one years old—an apparent anomaly which was ignored in Eternity Inn, as being due to the ignorance of humans and their ridiculous conceptions of time. He made a very good Chairman, too, despite his not very clear method of speaking. Of late he had developed an unfortunate lisp and a curious method of pronouncing his words, which sounded, on human eardrums, rather like da-da-da-tum-tum-ma-ma-goo-goo—quite an absurd thing to say, as anyone but a human would know.

On his left sat Second Birthday, the Deputy-Chairman, dressed in his best velveteen frock and looking very uncomfortable because the big cushion that had been placed on his chair to give him height allowed of no room to cross his legs under the table and be really at ease. On the Chairman's right was the guest of honour, Twenty-first Birthday. A fine healthy young six-footer in smartly cut tweeds, he sprawled contentedly in his cradle tugging at a neatly clipped moustache, the while he imbibed some drink out of a curious shaped bottle by means of a queer suctional process. Next to him, attending assiduously to his wants, sat Forf Birfday (that was what he called himself), so proud of his brand-new sailor hat with H.M.S. 1906 on the riband that he had insisted on wearing it all the time. Forf Birfday was certainly having a very busy time. For on the one side Twenty-first Birthday needed constant attention in the matter of sleep and nourishment, and on the other, Third Birthday, who thought himself no end of a dog because he had just got his Blue at the 'Varsity, was continually bending down to hitch up his little white socks, ignoring all requests to "sit up like a dear little boy."

"Gentlemen!" said the Chairman, adjusting his bib, "we Bystander Birthdays have met here to-day to welcome our noteworthy new-born member, and to wish him *bon voyage*. Doubtless," he went on after suitably acknowledging whispered admonitions from two of the Birthdays to "blow nosey"—"doubtless he will encounter some storms on the Sea of Ink—the depressions on the South Coast are often very bad—and undiscovered rocks may make it very awkward for the Holiday Bathing Number. Nevertheless I say, gentlemen, that with—ahem!—*our* traditions and *our* great influence behind him, he is sure to come home in triumph. And when the time comes for him to be placed on the Shelf, he will be *bound* to be a success." Then all the great Brotherhood of Bystander Birthdays charged their hour-glasses, mugs and bottles, drank success to the new member, and gave him the secret toast of the Brotherhood—"Red Everywhere and Healthy Circulation." Thus perfect concord reigned in the Eternity Inn.

Now whenever there is concord, even in Eternity, it is a great temptation to the Evil Ones who can only exist evilly by looking for trouble. So one of these Spirits (who are often found even in the best Inns) whispered something into the ear of a Birthday who was at that moment suffering from a violent attack of hiccough and couldn't answer back immediately. This Birthday rose to his feet on a somewhat unsteady floor, and in a voice thick with emotion addressed the Chairman as follows:

"Our new Brotherhic hash undoubtedly our united influensh behind himhic; alsho our *individjul* influenches I shay in-div-id-hic-ual influushes. Be intreshting know whish influinsh shtrongest, and who ish moshthic important of ush."

At that there was considerable consternation.

"That question is easily answered," said First Birthday in his childish treble. "After all, *I* am the corner-stone. Upon me has been built this superbly magnificent——"

"'Vive l'Entente!' shouted Second Birthday"

"I stand for the Present," Twenty-first interrupted, "nobody *can* possibly matter except me."

"Vive l'Entente!" shouted Second Birthday. "Thanks to me and King Edward you now have——." The rest of his speech was drowned by shrieks of derisive laughter from Twentieth—a singularly rude fellow.

"What about Mrs. Pankhurst and the Suffrage?" asked Third. "The Woman's Vote has changed everyth——"

"Think of me and my Tango craze," Ninth broke in wistfully.

"Have you already forgotten the Great War?" Eleventh's voice boomed at them. His *amour propre* was evidently badly hurt.

"And what about the lasting Peace that will endure long after War, in a land fit for heroes to li——" Fifteenth's oratory broke down under the jeers and cat-calls of that very ill-mannered triumvirate, Eighteenth, Nineteenth and Twentieth.

"Order! Order!" yelled the Chairman, rapping his christening mug on his chair-tray. With great difficulty he at last managed to make himself heard above the shrieks of claim and counter-claim.

"Gentlemen!" he said, when some sort of order had been restored. "As our modern members would say—I have a brain-wave. None of us can decide the question. Let's ask the Editor. We've often read that his decision is final!"

"The Editor sat up with a start"

The suggestion met with unanimous applause. Only one thing remained—to catch the Editor asleep. For, as is well known, that is the only time when messages from Eternity can reach the human consciousness. The Chairman looked at the clock.

"Three o'clock!" he said, "the Editor will have just returned from a heavy lunch. Now is our chance. . . !"

. . . .

The Editor sat up with a start. Seizing a pen he began to write mechanically on the back of a contributor's cheque just as a tactless sub. entered the office, a sheaf of papers in his hand.

"If it wasn't that I never sleep in office hours," said the Editor severely to his junior, "I'd imagine I'd been dreaming. It seemed as if every blessed Birthday since the beginning of the paper, had suddenly appeared and had started hurling abuse or questions at me. Well, thank goodness, the whole damn lot are dead as mutton," he added. "Now, Riverton, if you've got those plans for the Twenty-Second Birthday Number, we'll get 'em ready for next year. . . ."

By Lance Mattinson

PEACE TIME TRAINING

He: "But you *must* know me—Montmorency—of the Guards, you know"

She: "I think not—I so seldom use the railway!"

Friction—the Unseen Enemy of Power

How much Tribute do *you* pay to Friction?

Right before your eyes, stealthy friction may be robbing your car of power.

Time and time again a call for repairs is due to preventable friction in the working parts of engine and chassis.

The harder a car works the quicker the driver notices the economy of scientific lubrication.

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To obtain for your car this satisfactory performance and long life it is absolutely essential to maintain a lubricating film adequate to meet the operating conditions, the temperatures and the pressures of each moving part. This can only be secured by Correct Lubrication.

Your safest guide is to use an oil bearing an established reputation for quality, and which is manufactured by a company specialising in the production of high grade lubricants. Such an oil is Gargoyle Mobiloil.

The grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil specified in the Chart of Recommendations will lubricate correctly every friction point in the engine, gear box and back axle of your car. Make the Chart your Guide.

Remember:
Ask for Gargoyle Mobiloil by the full title. It is not sufficient to say, "Give me a gallon of 'A' or 'BB'." Demand Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" or Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB," or whichever grade is specified for your car in the Chart of Recommendations.

If you purchase Gargoyle Mobiloil "loose" see that it is drawn from a container bearing the trade mark shown in this advertisement. A fair average price for Gargoyle Mobiloil from bulk is 1/9 a quart.

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The Social Event of the Year will be the Great

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ORGANISED BY THE

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It will be the famous Annual Ball of the Chelsea Arts Club specially organised in conjunction with the Celebrations to mark the

COMING OF AGE *of* THE BYSTANDER

whose 21st Birthday falls in December this year. In effect the Ball will be

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BIRTHDAY PARTY

Make sure you will be there!

TICKETS may be obtained from :—Mr. G. SHERWOOD FOSTER, 15, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7, or Mr. FRANK L. LASCOT, "The Bystander" Offices, Graphic Buildings, E.C.4.

Looking Towards Ye!

BY THE OLD GUARD

IN the long trail of years that lie behind us it hath been our lot to be present at the birth of many a periodical news-sheet that sought the suffrages of the great public with a sadly misplaced confidence. We have seen the infant journal muling in its nurse's arms, and have marked the growing-pains that led it to an anæmic adolescence, until the dark day came when nought else was there for us to do but to draw our window-curtains in token of respect for the departed. Knowing this, as we do, the toilsome highway by which alone a periodical may attain success, we lift our hat, trusting that the brim will duly stand the unusual strain, and give a proper whoop for THE BYSTANDER, that is twenty-one to-day.

A BIRTHDAY, whether of humans or of periodicals, is a milestone along the thorny road of Time. We ourself, worn and scarred in the battlefield of journalism, marvel at the skill and patient toil that have brought THE BYSTANDER past the shoals and shallows of failure into the pleasant waters of rightly earned success. The future of THE BYSTANDER is sure because it lives with the eye of prophecy in the future itself, and in intelligent anticipation of to-morrow, while seizing the day and the hour that are. Be there a gathering of the mighty councillors of the world, and THE BYSTANDER is among them with pencil and pen and full photographic regalia. Doth her ladyship's Pom win honourable mention at the Puddleton Dog Show, and ye shall find happy portraits of the twain in the next issue, with a word that bids ye read from left to right that ye may learn for yourselves which is which. Flutter its pages of expensive paper and ye shall discover in your BYSTANDER entertainment for the most diverse of tastes. Here is congenial prattle for the womenfolk, with a dainty prying into the mysteries of my lady's wardrobe above and beneath, by day and by night. For them that read books as readers should, there is the chatter of wisdom to guide and enlighten; and for him that hath no other aim than to seek a fancy for the two-thirty, the fountain of knowledge flows with pleasant trickle from the pen of a proven seer. There is a varlet that writes of Thespian happenings, and there is, too, an elusive Oriental who would seem to be using the pages of THE BYSTANDER as a night-school for his halting studies in our mother tongue.

THERE are greybeards among ye that will recall the great day long since gone when they, too, came to be twenty-one at last. They will remember the cheers, and, it may be, tears as well, and the hearty slap on the shoulder in manifestation of the great joy that the child was now become a man. There was, too, the flow of wassail, calling to the gods for the new man's health and prosperity; and though we shall not here demean ourself to the extent of hinting to the Editor hereof concerning the glory of this simple and homely ceremonial, we will go to the length of pointing out that with Pussyfoot and his miscreants among us whining of peace while they are poisoning their arrows for war, it were, perhaps, as well that we gathered rosy faces while we may.

FOR ourself we confess we love THE BYSTANDER for a reason that is personal to us. For, look ye, the staircase leading to the Editorial sanctum is easy and wide, and is broken at intervals by roomy landings. There be Editorial dens in the Street of Adventure that are sullenly perched like an eagle's eyrie at the top of a long and precipitous flight of steps, so that the unhappy varlet incurring the Editor's wrath may well finish in the street below with a broken head. But your BYSTANDER stairway is built on gently humane lines. Flung from the Editorial sanctum, you stumble at the most down one brief flight. Whereafter you may gather yourself swiftly together on the roomy landing-place, and bolt down the remainder of the stairs before Nemesis can get his second wind and his other foot in working order. Wherefore do we arise in our might and salute THE BYSTANDER to-day. It has nobly earned the right to be Twenty-one.

WE have spoken of the time-honoured custom in this our England of raising a glass to him or her or it that hath passed another land mark along the road that winds over the hill. We, therefore, whether our glass be charged or not (since the Editor hath made no sign), make suitable obeisance to all and call for a draught to the health, long life and prosperity of THE BYSTANDER, in the pages of which ye will find with consistent thoroughness, excellent advertisements of the lordly ingredients of the same again. Hooray!

THE BAGGAGE! By JACK GORDGE

A very cosmopolitan young lady arrives home to keep her twenty-first birthday

BY BLAM

VINTAGE '03

We admit that it may not "be done"
To mention on Femina's page
Our years—which are just twenty-one—
But then we're so young for our age!

FEMINA

BUILT-IN FURNITURE.

By MRS. M. VINCE

BUILT-IN furniture has had one serious disadvantage in the eyes of many people—it is a fixture. Those who have held their houses on yearly tenancies or short leases have, not unnaturally, preferred to buy furniture which they could take away with them. But now that houses are sold rather than let, much more use can be made of it. It has the great practical advantage that it uses up every inch of the space. It will give you more storing space, and still leave you more space in the room. Those who live in small houses and flats will find that by a careful use of built-in furniture they will have more convenience and larger rooms at the same time.

THERE is hardly any furniture, except chairs, that cannot be built in—cupboards, window-seats, dressing-tables, wardrobes, dressers, bookcases, desks, sideboards, settles by the fire, chests-of-drawers and serving-tables. But it is very easy to go too far. One sees elaborate built-in furniture which is too ingenious. It may easily spoil a room if one attempts to do more with it than simply to make the best use of one's space. I have a picture of a room in which cupboards have been built-in on either side of the fireplace. They project well into the room, and the scheme is completed by settles built-in on either side of the fireplace, the sides of the cupboards forming their backs. In this way a sort of alcove with seats has been built round the fire; what is called a "cosy corner." But by doing this the designer has shut away the fire, and prevented its heat reaching a great part of the room.

IN the fitment bedroom, wardrobe, chest-of-drawers, wash-hand-stand, and dressing-table are all built-in, and the beds, though movable, are brought into the scheme by a fitment on the wall behind them, and by fixed bed-cupboards for tea-tray, telephone and books, built out on either side. It is becoming more and more popular, and the latest device is to build a false wall above the cupboards all along one side of the room, sometimes with smaller storing cupboards concealed in it, so that the cupboards underneath appear to have been built into the thickness of the wall.

THE practical advantages of the fitment-room are great—ampler storing space, and, at the same time, a more spacious room. But one has only to compare it with a bedroom which has movable furniture, and one sees at once that the fitment bedroom has definitely lost something. It has a stiff and rigid look. For the moment it is the fashion, but it carries the idea too far. If the best is to be made of built-in furniture it is by using it with the ordinary furniture, and not in place of it. Almost every room can, with advantage, have some built-in furniture, but the only room which can be really satisfactory with nothing else, is the small kitchen. The most attractive small kitchen that I have ever seen was arranged in this way, had its walls covered with cupboards and drawers and shelves and glass-fronted cabinets. The working-table was formed by the broad top of drawers, built-in along the whole of one wall, and there was a hinged table for meals under a window, which, when not in use, was let down against the wall. There was no table in the centre, and the room gave one the double feeling of having ample space to work in, and yet of having everything within reach.

THE cupboard and the bookcase are the two pieces of furniture which it is most useful to have built-in. Not only small sitting-rooms, but small dining-rooms would gain greatly by built-in cupboards. Such a cupboard in the recess on either side of the fireplace in the dining-room would scarcely take from the space of the room at all, and yet would give one a place for all the table-glass, silver, cutlery and linen. The cupboards would be made with shelves above and with drawers below, one or two of the drawers being lined with baize for the silver. One must not think of built-in cupboards as merely practical. They can be a very beautiful part of the decoration of the room. There is no more attractive way of filling the recess beside the fireplace in a sitting-room than with such cupboards for china, with tall circular-topped doors of glass above, and wooden doors to the cupboards below. Nor is there any more attractive arrangement for books in a sitting-room than a built-in bookcase along one wall, four or five shelves high, of which the top shelf forms a place for ornaments.

AND what of the cost of built-in furniture? The fitment bedroom is expensive. It costs probably twice as much as movable furniture. But single built-in cupboards and bookcases are cheaper, as well as giving more space. They are permanent, and for that reason they must be well made, but one is not compelled to use for them the more expensive polished woods, like oak and mahogany.

M.V.

Vaughan and Freeman

ARMS AND THE WOMAN

Miss Laurie de Vine, the well-known acrobatic dancer, getting a little twisted up in her work. She is appearing at present in the Frivolities Cabaret at the New Princes Restaurant

A SCOTTISH M.P. AT HOME

Mr. Stephen Mitchell, the new Unionist M.P. for Lanark, with his wife and family at his home in Gilkerscleugh. He is managing director of a branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company which was established by his forebears over 200 years ago. Mr. Mitchell is well-known all over Stirlingshire and Linlithgowshire

Though twenty-one, we still opine,
A romp with Dogs is really fine
Despite the fact that they're K.9
Whilst we're A.1 in every line!

DOGGY DISCIPLINE

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

By "THE KENNELMAN"

BIRMINGHAM'S National Show is the doggy attraction for to-day and to-morrow; and next Wednesday's open Show at Croydon will be well worth a visit.

Writing of the recent Toy Dog Show at the Crystal Palace, "One of your West Country readers" says:

"It was good to find the little fellows assembled at the Palace again, and the smooth working of the Show was a tribute to the tact and good sense of exhibitors, as well as organisers. Incidentally, the Show emphasised two points on which most authorities seem agreed: (1) It's time, and more than time, that the Kennel Club washed out the ridiculous designation, 'Toy' Dog; (2) the post-War boom in the smaller varieties of Dogs has come to stay, and is not really a boom, but a feature of steady and permanent progress. It does not interfere with the just and natural popularity of many of the larger breeds, but is very much a part of modern conditions, and all to the good. Having regard to the vigorous and indomitable sportsmanship of so many of the little chaps, and the comparative rarity now of the artificial 'lap-dog' type, the continued use of that word 'Toy' has become silly, as well as offensive."

In part, no doubt, as a result of increase in the ranks of those who take to keeping Dogs, and, too, because of the modern desire for completer companionship and understanding of canine psychology, more and more enquiries reach the Kennelman regarding discipline, the education of Dogs, how to deal with displays of temper, and the like. Lacking knowledge of the individual Dogs and their circumstances, it's not always easy to advise, but there are certain general principles to be observed.

Nine times out of ten "vice" or bad temper in a Dog is due to human indiscretion in rearing, generally during the first year: the vital period, educationally. In the tenth case, my own remedy would be euthanasia: the lethal chamber. Your Dog may—generally will—make you his god; he *must* recognise you for his master, as well as his friend. Let no sentiment blind you to that necessity, or trouble, sooner or later, is certain.

Here is one important point in doggy psychology which looks like a trifle. Punishment—especially, of course, corporal punishment—which is not serious, deliberate, formal and thorough, is much worse than useless; it's very harmful. The odd, casual-seeming cuff on the head, or cut with a lead or cane, is seriously bad, for the Dog regards it (*a*) as a bit of bad temper on *your* part; (*b*) part of a rough game; (*c*) part of a sort of fight between you and himself; a thing to him most demoralising. And if such haphazard punishment is permitted to *end* (*a*) in the Dog's evasion by running off, or (*b*) worse than anything, in his snarling, or even barking at you—then you have gone far toward ruining your relationship with that Dog.

Punish only when very sure of your ground, and then with thoroughness; or you destroy discipline, injure your Dog's character, and lower yourself in his eyes. He simply won't stand punishment.

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RAIN · STORM & WEATHER COATS

·OLD·TIME·CUSTOMS·

Guy Fawkes Day—

Please to remember
The fifth of November
Gunpowder Treason and Plot
I see no reason
Why Gunpowder Treason
Should ever be forgot.

It is still customary to observe Guy Fawkes Day by dressing up an effigy of the infamous conspirator, parading the streets with it begging money, and at night-time to burn the image to the accompaniment of many fireworks.

It's a wise old custom to

take a peg of

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Ciro Pearls

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BY APPOINTMENT

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20 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD YEARLY.
From Hotels, Restaurants, Chemists, and THE APOLLINARIS CO., LTD., 4, STRATFORD PLACE, W.1
THE VITTEL MINERAL WATER CO., 52, CHARLOTTE STREET, W.1.

PARISIANA

By "René,"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

René and Poncin both wish us good cheer
On reaching with glory our twenty-first year.
So just out of fairness we beg to explain
There's no truth in the rumour they are not near Seine!

MES AMIS—

WOMAN'S why's. Shall we ever know them? Do they know them themselves? We, as well as they, know all about woman's wiles. We also know that woman's wise, all women are wise; but we are utterly unable to snatch the secret of woman's why's and wherefores.

REFLECTIONS upon which—not precisely *inédit*—are provoked by a few statistics, which, like many other sets of statistics, are at the remotest degree from dull figures, being almost romantic and certainly very stimulating. Since a charge has been made for admission to the museums it has been possible to ascertain who, among the Anglo-Saxon tourists, were the people to visit these very respectable and ever to be encouraged institutions. So far as Paris is concerned, it is proved to be the women.

"This feminine passion for monuments"

THE men—up to Montmartre they go. That is, by night. During the day they are engaged in the pursuit of *affaires* (which must be faithfully and scrupulously translated as "business") on the boulevards. It is thus very easy to keep tabs on the men. Sturdy Britons and vigorous Americans may be traced, if anyone wishes to trace them, either by night or by day.

BUT it is far more difficult to account for this feminine passion for museums, *monuments historiques*, and kindred assemblings of chilly inanimates. One would like to be gallant and affirm that it is exclusively due to an eminently praiseworthy thirst for knowledge. But that explanation does not seem to be quite adequate. Clearly the habit is due to a thirst for something. What is it? Some cynics say it is an excess of curiosity. But that is an old taunt against women which cannot be said to have been incontrovertibly justified. No, there must be something more in this. It will have to be looked into very closely.

WHEN the feminine craze for museums becomes almost a vice—the proportion of fervents is three to one against men—there is need for a minute study of motives. Possibly there are some peculiarity interesting exhibits, lately acquired, about which the women are passing the impelling word to one another without revealing it to the blinkered men of their circle. Unless one of them is prepared to disclose the secret—and there is no sign of volunteers despite an abundance of courteous invitations—someone will have to be deputed to follow in their footsteps to penetrate the mystery, someone shrewd enough to avoid being thrown off the scent. Any offers?

M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS, the author, who is as well known in England as in France through his charming *Colonel Bramble* and his exquisite life-novel of Shelley, has lately caused Parisien—and even more Parisienne—tongues to wag furiously over a little book which he has published with the title of *La Femme changée en renard*. It is a translation from the English original, but the English work never could have caught the attention in London in the manner that the French version has caused dining-table and drawing-room discussions in Paris.

MANY French readers, influenced, of course by French manners in writing, are perplexed, being uncertain whether to consider it merely as a fantasy or as an ironical commentary on modern morals, with rather audacious illustrations. The sort of incident which has given occasion for so much speculation may be found in the scene wherein the lady, having been turned into a fox, is somewhat startled over the idea of rambling about just as she is, and goes through her wardrobe searching for a frock that will provide some sort of covering without appearing too ridiculous an accompaniment in her new state. There are other incidents which have furnished much material for debate in the *salons*. As a *succès de curiosité* the little book is one of the most effective that have appeared for a while.

"In pursuit of affairs"

SO much preliminary fuss had been stirred up over the production of *Manon, Fille Galante*, at Paris's newest theatre, the Madeleine, that it was certain that its much-delayed presentation

"Perplexed reader"

would add to controversy instead of putting a stop to it. Besides, Mlle. Jane Marnac, who played Manon, and M. André Brulé, one of the owners of the very pleasant new house, who acted Des Grieux, belong to the class of strong personalities among actors who always create an opposition clan that will raise their voices against everything they do, good or bad.

You must either like or dislike them, but you cannot be indifferent about them. Both have very pronounced mannerisms and both insist on having a lot of their own way, criticism or no criticism. The play goes a long way from the atmosphere of the book of the Abbé Prévost familiar to most English readers; which is in itself quite enough to offend the critics. But critics always go into prickly heat over experiments of this sort.

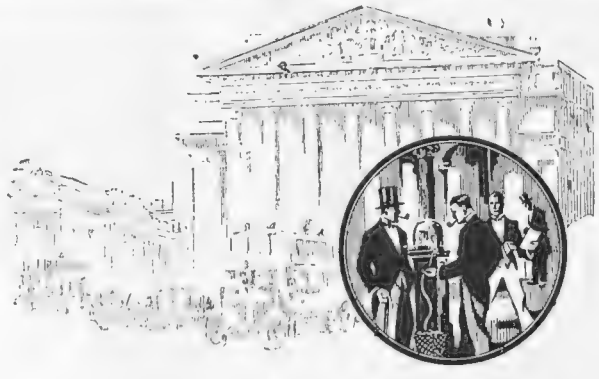
Many Bystanders who were at Wimbledon for the World Championships during the one week of summer will be ready, no doubt, to offer congratulations to that most graceful of tennis-players, Mlle. Vlasto, on her marriage. It was Mlle. Vlasto who created the greatest surprise of the Olympic Games by defeating Miss Kitty McKane when everyone was looking forward to a meeting in the final between Miss McKane and Miss Helen Wills, the American champion.

"A pretty girl jumped down"

People who leave their motor-cars about have had a shock with the revelation of the experience of one of them, a wealthy manufacturer. Paris might almost be said to be littered with automobiles that are left standing in main thoroughfares for hours on end, police regulations being rather lax on this point. But if the police do not move, careless owners may be bestirred into new and better habits now. The manufacturer confidently left his car in front of his office from two till six every day, but one evening it was missing. He called up an *agent*, and both had worked themselves into the appropriate state of excitement when the automobile came gliding along, and from the chauffeur's seat jumped down a pretty girl.

The owner stormed, but the girl was quite at ease. "Sorry I am late," she murmured, "but you know what it is to get through this tangled traffic. Anyhow, it is the first time I have been after six, and I have been borrowing your car for months. It's an awfully sweet car, and I much enjoy my afternoon runs on the Fontainebleau Road. *A demain, monsieur.*"

René



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The Sporting Centre of the Riviera
GOLF LINKS (18 holes), 4 TENNIS, 6 CROQUETS
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CANNES.

ON THE CROISETTE.

View from the windows of the Hotel Gonnet.

NEAR THE CASINO. NEAR THE TENNIS COURTS.

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CANNES

A corner of the Lounge.

The Rendezvous of Golfers, Tennis Players, and other Sportsmen.

CANNES

HOTEL MONT FLEURY

In the midst of a large park with splendid view of the Bay, near all the Tennis Clubs, the Lerins, and the Esterel Mountains.

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The Premier Sporting Resort on the Riviera. Own Golf Links (18 Holes)—5 Tennis Courts—8 Croquet Lawns—all adjacent to and in Hotel grounds. Ballroom—Bar—Orchestra.

We modestly own that vast Volumes of praise
Have come to support us on this "day of days,"
For though books may need cutting, there isn't a doubt
There's no one can cut your own BYSTANDER out.

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

MORE reminiscences! You are not a writer by trade, but you have made a success of your life. You retire—to the golf-links or to your own particular chair at the Club. People ask you when your autobiography is likely to appear. You deny any intention of making such a fool of yourself, but in a year, or in two years—yes, that fat opulent volume appears, with you in the uniform you once wore, for a frontispiece, and that nice letter from Ruskin to your father reproduced in facsimile, and plenty of the good old yarns which have been going the rounds since the 'sixties. Dull stuff which nobody wants. That is one side of the picture.

⁂

BUT it may be that writing happens to be your job. You may be a journalist who knows all the tricks of the trade. And in that case your reminiscences may be the very best work you have done in your life. Mr. Lincoln Springfield is perhaps best known for his editorship of *London Opinion*, but it is quite possible that he will go down to posterity as the writer of one of the most entertaining books of reminiscences ever written. I shall say nothing more of *Some Piquant People* (Fisher Unwin: 15*s.* net) than that this is how it should be done. The yarns are new, the style is crisp, and the digs at those who deserve to be dug at are never in bad taste. The only trouble is that you may lose a couple of hours' sleep, because the book has to be taken at a sitting. But that is not a serious fault or one at which any reader will cavil.

Navana

A FAIR COMMENTATOR OF WOMAN'S WAYS
Miss Rita Strauss, whose new work, "The Beauty Book," has just been published by Cassell. Miss Strauss, who edits the Woman's page of the "Daily Graphic," has already won a host of friends among her women readers (a difficult feat this, they say, for a woman to achieve!) by her publications, "The Parent's Book" and "The Woman's Book"

CHILDREN like fairy-tales but so do grown-ups. Sometimes a fairy-tale is more suited to grown-ups than it is to children. I am inclined to think, for instance, that Mr. Thomas Bodkin's little gem of a book, *A Guide To Caper* (Chatto and Windus: 5*s.* net) may delight the grown-up quite as much as, if not more than, it will please all his small children. Mr. Bodkin is really a trustworthy guide to this strange town where the Ursors live—they are remarkably like Teddy Bears—but his illustrator, Mr. Denis Eden, is an equally important person. Between them they make it perfectly clear how any grown-up who is not *too* superior, may find his way out of the usual dull world into Caper, and for that they deserve our gratitude. Seriously, the little book is a real delight—odd and wayward, gossamer stuff. And it is all too short. You may read the whole thing in a quarter-of-an-hour. But after that there is nothing to prevent you from reading it again. And even again. After that it will be bed-time. This is a book to buy.

⁂

ONCE again Mrs. Christie sets out to baffle the world, and once again she succeeds in as pretty a little mystery as I have read for a long time. *The Man in the Brown Coat* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) contains a villain. Who is he? Mrs. Christie knows as well as you do that the way to find him is to take the most unlikely person and fasten on him. You do so, and are cheerfully dragged

(Continued on page 522)

Fresh Fruit Juices and White Cane Sugar make the Most Delicious and Healthful Drinks.

KIA-ORA

LEMON SQUASH

is really made from fresh lemon juice and cane sugar and is unequalled for its delicious, fresh lemon-juice flavour—one of the most pleasing of all flavours, one the palate always welcomes.

KIA-ORA LEMON SQUASH is so rich, that it is economical: a large bottle costing 2/4 will make from 20 to 30 glasses of Lemon Squash by adding soda-water for a sparkling drink, water for still lemonade.

ORANGE SQUASH

is the sweet juice of fresh, ripe oranges and cane sugar: no beverage can be more enjoyable. Try Kia-Ora Orange Squash and you will be delighted.

Your guests may never have tasted Orange Squash: offer your new discovery and you will be thanked and envied for such an enjoyable, wholesome and delightful beverage. Children like and benefit by Orange Squash just as much as their elders, because, like 'Kia-Ora' Lemon Squash, it is rich in vitamins, vitally necessary for their health.

Balls, Dances, &c: *Serve 'Kia-Ora' Lemon Squash and 'Kia-Ora' Orange Squash in bowls or jugs. A bottle makes a gallon when mixed with water, and is ready for instant service.*

2/4 per Large Bottle.
1/4 per Half Bottle.
(PRICES IN GREAT BRITAIN).
Sold by all good Stores, Grocers, Wine and Spirit Merchants and Chemists throughout Great Britain and Ireland.

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Sole Makers: 'KIA-ORA' LIMITED, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, S.E.1.

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Many manufacturers have adopted the policy of using this super sole leather in connection with their leading ranges of footwear for men, women and children. This footwear you may choose with confidence, for stylish uppers combine with trusty DRI-PED soles to make your satisfaction complete.

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Upsons Ltd. — *Lilley & Skinner Ltd.* — *Civil Service Association.*
High Life Shoe Co. — *Lennards Ltd.* — *London Boot Co.*
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DRI-PED, LTD., BOLTON, LANCS.

THE SUPER LEATHER FOR SOLES
DRI-PED REG^D

Your repairer can re-sole the shoes you are now wearing with "Dri-ped." Insist on seeing the Dri-ped purple diamonds stamped every few inches on each sole — your guarantee.

THE SUPER LEATHER FOR SOLES
DRI-PED REG^D

DRI-PED SOLED FOOTWEAR

300

into a *cul-de-sac*. You then choose the person who seems most likely to be the villain, and nothing happens. He turns out to be a model citizen. You then become annoyed, make five or six choices quickly and carelessly, and find yourself tied up into knots. But there *is* a villain somewhere, and it stands to reason that you must have met him in the course of the story. Then who is he? Contrary to my usual practice, I gave up trying to spot him, and merely settled myself more comfortably on the sofa to wait until Mrs. Christie chose to tell me. When she did, I chuckled, and called myself names. All of which means to say that here is Mrs. Christie at her best and most subtle.

⁂

You will find considerable entertainment in a novel in which two well-known American authors have collaborated. *Pandora Lifts the Lid* (Cape: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is the work of Christopher Morley and Don Marquis, and it is a joyful tale of hidden treasure (which, as you doubtless know, is in these days American for whisky), and a bevy of schoolgirls with Socialistic ideals, and a kidnapped millionaire, and a quite human bootlegger. All sorts of surprising adventures follow the girls' noble if ill-advised determination to make the world a better place than it is. But the chief delight, to my mind, is the style which is adopted by one of the young ladies who has been asked to give her own version of affairs. Miss Marjorie's narrative is priceless, and I would not have missed it for worlds.

⁂

I am no expert on the game of Mah Jong, but I believe that those who are really in the know will tell you that the finest exponent of the game in this country is Mr. Henry Peterson. At any rate, what he does not know about the game is not worth knowing, and if you play the game, or want to learn it, I commend to your notice a concise little book of which Mr. Peterson is the author. *Mah Jong Simplified* (Thornton Butterworth: 3*s.* 6*d.* net), has been written both for the beginner and for the more advanced player, and so far as I can judge it is easily the best manual on the game that has yet been published over here.

A PICTURESQUE PAIR FROM SPAIN

Two of the "Los Saphos" troupe of Spanish dancers and singers from that sunny land where *our* rain hasn't gone to yet! They are appearing at the Cabaret at the Queen's Hotel, Leicester Square

⁂

We used to be taught that Beauty is only skin-deep. But to-day, everyone, save the platitudinous, thinks that it is not even that. This, of course, is the gospel according to Bond St. There are, however, others who can speak with weighty authority—such, for instance, as Miss Rita Strauss. Her newest publication, *The Beauty Book* (Cassell: 1*s.* 6*d.*) is not one that a mere man need fear to open. Here are no secrets of my ladye's beauty parlour, no fearsome tearing aside of the veil of feminine Isis. Miss Strauss, while realising the value of cosmetics in moderation, deals rather with the natural ways of retaining pristine beauty. The care of the skin and complexion, home massage for wrinkles, the care of the eyes and eyelashes, how to make the best of one's hair—these are just a few of the subjects that are treated with an expert knowledge. In almost all cases the methods advocated by Miss Strauss are simple, inexpensive, and, what is more important, based on sound common-sense.

By Appointment.

The Cider For Every Season.

Bulmer's Pomagne is just as acceptable in cool weather as in warm. It stimulates agreeably, assists appetite and digestion, and, owing to its low acidity, finds much favour with the gouty and rheumatic. Bulmer's Champagne Ciders are produced, in every detail, by the same processes as the costliest sparkling wine of France.

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Champagne Cider de Luxe

For Parties, Dances, Masonic and other Banquets.

H. P. BULMER & CO., Ltd., Hereford.

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13/6 *per bottle*

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Distillers and Blenders,
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CLEVER BEAUTY SECRETS.

Revealed by a London Chemist.

This series of articles by E. W. Smith, M.P.S., a qualified registered London chemist and pharmacist, is particularly interesting because of its authoritativeness. Each week, under this heading, most valuable information will be found relating to beauty culture. Considering the bewildering mass of toilet requisites now offered to the public, Mr. Smith's simple and homely suggestions should come as a great relief to the puzzled beauty seeker. The dispensing chemist, above all others, is in a position to judge results from long experience with thousands of cases. Mr. Smith has made a special study of the chemistry of beauty culture for many years, and the time is ripe for some such expert's clear statements, backed by the authority of experience and knowledge.

RENEWING COMPLEXIONS.

It is foolish to attempt to cover up or hide a sallow complexion, when you can so easily remove the sallowness itself. Rouge and the like on a brownish skin only emphasize the defect. The better way is to apply pure mercolized wax—the same as you would cold cream—putting it on at night, removing it in the morning with warm water and soap, following with a dash of cold water. The effect of a few applications is simply marvellous. The half-dead cuticle is absorbed by the wax—painlessly, gradually, in tiny imperceptible particles—revealing the beautiful velvety white new skin beneath.

No woman need have a sallow, blotchy, pimply or freckled complexion if she will just get some good mercolized wax and use as suggested.

FEMALE MOUSTACHES.

To women who are annoyed by disfiguring downy hair growths a method of permanently eradicating the same will come as a piece of good news. For this purpose pure powdered pheminol may be used. Almost any chemist should be able to supply an ounce of this drug. The recommended treatment is designed not only to remove the disfiguring growth instantly, leaving no trace, but also to actually kill the hair roots without irritating the skin.

THE KISS CURL.

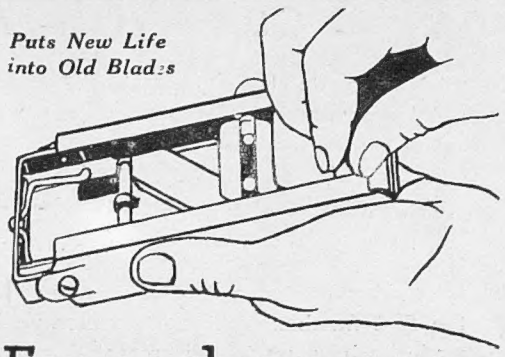
I cannot too strongly condemn the use of the hot curling-iron. It means death to the hair eventually. Moreover it is entirely unnecessary. The hair can be made beautifully wavy and curly to any extent and in any form desired, merely by using such a simple ingredient as pure silmerine. This perfectly harmless liquid should be applied to the hair with a clean tooth brush at night. In the morning you will find that a very beautiful natural wave and curliness has resulted and the effect will last many days. The liquid silmerine is very beneficial and is not sticky or greasy. A couple of ounces should last a very long time.

DON'T RUB YOUR HAIR.

Scalp massage is a very good thing only if it is done properly. But the usual method of rubbing the scalp causes the hairs to grind against each other, thus bruising and often destroying the outer casing of the hairs. The correct method is to press the finger tips firmly on the scalp and with a circular motion work the scalp gently about without letting the fingers slip over the surface. This prevents the hairs being forcibly rubbed together in the injurious manner described.

Dandruff, the greatest enemy to the hair, is best removed by a simple tonic which can be easily made up at home, and need be only occasionally applied to the scalp at night with the finger tips. From your chemist get ½-pint bay rum and about an ounce of pure boranium and mix together. This pleasant solution is very beneficial to the hair. It quickly clears the scalp of the injurious dandruff, and immediately stimulates the hair roots.

Puts New Life into Old Blades



For a clean, easy shave - *every day*

Not "once in a blue moon" *but every day without fail* the "Allegro" Honer and Stropper will make your safety razor blades better than new. It hones and strops in a few seconds and gives the dullest blade a perfect edge.

Tests have proved that the "Allegro" will make one blade last six months.

Get an "Allegro" and end your shaving troubles.

Allegro
Automatic
HONER & STROPPER

There are "Allegro" models to take Gillette Auto-Strop or Durham-Duplex blades. Obtainable at Army & Navy Stores, Gamages, Harrods, Haymarket Stores, Finnigans of Manchester, McPherson Bros. of Glasgow, and Cutlers, Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores. Price 21/- each. Money back failing satisfaction. Write for descriptive leaflet. Modern Inventions (Dept. M.), 54, Sussex Place, South Kensington, London, S.W.7.

Agents for India and Burma: *AHMUTY & CO., LTD., 100, Clive Street, Calcutta.*
Agents for South Africa: *P. HENWOOD SON SOUTTER & CO., Johannesburg and Durban.*

A Reliable Remedy for

INDIGESTION

Messrs. Savory & Moore recommend Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, of which they are the manufacturers, as a thoroughly reliable remedy for DIGESTIVE DISORDERS arising from ACIDITY, HEARTBURN, FLATULENCE, GIDDINESS, etc. These Lozenges are made from the original directions of the celebrated Dr. Jenner. They are pleasant to take, quite harmless, and give speedy and permanent relief, even in the most stubborn cases.

TESTIMONY: "The Absorbent Lozenges are excellent. The sample box contained sufficient to remove long-standing acid indigestion. I got a large box and took them regularly for a fortnight when *all trace of acidity was gone.* I may say that I never take 'patent medicines,' but Dr. Jenner's name, coupled with that of Savory & Moore, assured me that at any rate I should not be given any harmful drug. I am exceedingly glad that I tried them at last."

Boxes 1/3, 3/-, and 5/-, of all Chemists.

A FREE SAMPLE

of the Lozenges will be sent on receipt of a postcard. Mention THE BYSTANDER and address Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143A New Bond Street, London, W.1.

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Actual size of Cigar.

The discriminating cigar-lover need not forego a smoke because his time is limited. La Corona Half-a-Corona is identical with its big brother in all but size. It is the ideal "short smoke" for the cultivated palate. Order it by its full name:

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AT ALL BOOKSELLERS.

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TIME is the one infallible test of merit, and this, perhaps, holds true in the ever-growing world of Advertising more than any other sphere of industry. No one would ever dare to suggest that the advertising manager of a big business concern had a hard, stony heart or was regarded with anything but affection in the family circle, *but*—and it is a very big but—sentiment in a business deal simply cannot exist. In other words, he will place his advertisements with the papers, journals, magazines, etcetera, from which he thinks he will gain the most response, and if he finds that the self-same advertisement does *not* bring in the expected response in any paper, journal, magazine, etc.—out it comes, and quickly, too.

NOW, as the discerning reader may have noticed when reading the preceding pages, THE BYSTANDER is celebrating its twenty-first birthday in this very number. Twenty-one years with fifty-two weeks in each one! One thousand and ninety-two numbers, quite apart from special numbers. *That*, if ever anything was, is a good test of endurance. Yet from those far-off days at the end of 1903, when the first number of THE BYSTANDER made its bow, up to the present day, a good number of well-known firms have been regular advertisers in these pages.

These firms which advertised in our first number and have continued to do so up to the present include: Wright's Coal Tar Soap; Messrs. Dean and Son; Messrs. Peter Robinson; Messrs. Howard and Son, Berners Street; Messrs. Gill and Reigate; Messrs. Allen and Hanbury; Dewar's Whisky; Messrs. J. C. and J. Field, soap manufacturers; Rowland's Odonto, Courtauld's, Ltd.; and Messrs. Savory and Moore.

A MEMORY OF BYGONE YEARS

Mr. Gordon Selfridge in his office. In the foreground is his old school desk presented to him by the boys and girls of the New York office of the firm of Selfridge & Co., Ltd.—really a charming idea

PROMINENT personalities in the business world have sent THE BYSTANDER greetings on attaining its majority. These merchant princes include:

LORD LEVERHULME,
LORD STEVENSON
(of Johnny Walker fame),
SIR WM. BURBIDGE
(of Harrods),
MR. E. WEBB
(of D. and H. Evans),
and
MR. GORDON SELFRIDGE.

THE BOYHOOD OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH. *By Sir John Millais, R.A.*

Good Whisky is no simple happening—

it is the fruits of care, knowledge and patience. Care in selecting only the very best spirits at the outset, knowledge of their affinity one for another in creating flavour, patience in ageing by the slow process of nature until full maturity is reached.

That is the one and only way to produce Whisky of the same aristocratic quality as

"Red Tape" REG'D The Whisky

If you do not know where to obtain it locally, send us your cheque for £7 16s. 0d. and we will forward a case of 12 bottles through our nearest Agents.

Obtainable from
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